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THE ABSENT.

BY RITA.

I live with my friends and love them,
Although they are far away;
The joy of their speaking presence
Hallows each passing day.

I see their faces and greet them,
At morning noon and eve;
I gather their best thoughts to me,
And mine around them weave.

Friendship ignoreth all distance,
And love outwearoth time.
The features of those we love best
Are with us in every clime.

There is no death of affection.
Unceasing, and sweet, and clear
Is the chime in my soul repeating,
"The absent are ever near."

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

CHEER him? How can I?"

"I think nothing seems too hard for us to do for those we love," Sidney answered gently. "Look, Chrissie," she added, in a moment—"there is nine o'clock striking; and I dare say, if we listen attentively—it will have to be very attentively on account of the snow—we shall hear Frank's fly coming up the avenue."

A quarter of an hour passed, and Sidney's heart ached at the pain on the poor wan face resting on her shoulder, at the agony in the dim blue eyes which never left the face of the china clock.

They were very still—so still that the sound of a coal dropping from the grate made almost a startling noise in the dainty room; but, attentively as they listened, the heavy snow muffled the approach of the fly effectually; and they heard no sound until a sudden loud peal at the bell rang through the silent house.

Chrissie started to her feet, a wild look of eagerness upon her face, and, strong now in her intense excitement, turned towards the door, when Sidney's hand upon her arm arrested her steps.

"Chrissie, you forget," she said gravely and impressively; "it is Doctor Anderson who is coming."

For a moment Chrissie looked at her, as if inclined to rebel; then, without a word, she turned and went back to her seat.

Sidney stood still, waiting in the centre of the room.

There was a minute of intense breathless silence.

The steps approaching the boudoir were deadened by the heavy velvet-pile carpet, even as the carriage-wheels had been muffled by the snow, and it was the opening of the door, the jingle of the brass rings of the curtain as Bessie pushed it aside, her voice announcing—

"Doctor Anderson?"

Then from behind the curtain came a slender, spare, bent gray-haired man, warmly muffled up from the cold in great-coat and wrapper, wearing a short gray beard and spectacles; and Sidney went forward to meet him with a graceful greeting.

"I am glad to see you, Doctor Anderson," she said clearly. "You have had a very cold journey, I am afraid."

* * * * *

The meeting which Sidney had dreaded so much was over, and, to her intense relief Christine had borne the excitement better than she had expected.

She neither fainted nor wept, but in emotion too deep for words or for tears, clung with both her arms round her brother's neck; and, though Frank was shocked beyond measure at the terrible change in his sister, he was used to self-control and to dissimulation now, and he was able to hide from her how grieved and moved he was.

"You will not leave us, Sidney?" he said looking up suddenly as Mrs. Daunt moved over to the door. "We have no secrets from you—our best friend."

"No, I am not going," she answered, in her soft voice. "I am going to lock the door, Frank, so that we shall be quite secure. Then we will have a talk together; and afterwards I will go and keep watch while you and Chrissie discuss your plans and hopes."

"Hopes!" he repeated half bitterly. "They will be soon disposed of, Sidney, because I have none."

"Do not say so," she said earnestly, coming back to the fireside, and standing there, very graceful and attractive in her rich black dress. "You ought not, Frank! Your innocence must surely be proved sooner or later. Not to have faith in that truth must prevail in the end is a great mistake which you must not fall into. Chrissie and I believe in it firmly; do we not, dear?"

"You try to, I dare say," he answered, with a sigh; "but sometimes it is better that the truth should not come out, you know; and the chief bitterness seems to be over now. I am content to be thought guilty, since, even if my innocence were proved to-morrow, it could not give us back those years of sorrow and anguish unspeakable. For us the greatest grief is over; having borne it, others need not bear it for the same cause."

He was speaking with some earnestness, and there was on his face an expression of resolve and resignation which was new to it.

At Chrissie's request he had removed the gray wig and beard and spectacles which had disguised him so effectually; but, even without them, only those who had known and loved him well would have recognized in the lined, worn, embrowned face, looking many years older than he really was, the frank, smiling, debonair young man of the old days.

Chrissie, watching him with eager sorrowful eyes, was almost doubtful now and again if this could be her brother.

And yet—for all the change in it—it was a nobler, better face, in its expression of high resolve and suffering bravely borne, than its gay beauty.

"We will cherish our hope," Sidney said smiling a little, "will we not, Chrissie? And there is no real reason why we should not do so, because, as I said, truth will prevail. Frank, why have you decided to go abroad?" she asked.

"I should have done so long ago, had I had the means," he answered. "I am sick of my life here, living in dread of recognition and discovery—not for my own sake," he added, with a sudden bitterness, "because death itself would not have been a greater punishment than the suffering of the last two years. I never felt really at rest, except when I was at sea—for I have been a sailor, Chrissie—there I knew there was no one who could recognise me; and I should have stayed in Australia but for the longing I had to see you again. I came here on the day—— But we will not waste time talking of the past; I must not stay long, and I have much to say. Chrissie, do you know I met my father at the station to-night. We travelled together from Lymouth."

"Oh, Frank!" Chrissie cried trembling in every limb.

"Yes; my disguise was an effectual one since he did not recognise me. If he had!"

"Oh, do not jest about it!" she said pitifully. "Are you sure he did not recognise you?"

"Am I not here?" he answered bitterly. "And should I be here if he had? He offered me the evening paper! You are changed, Chrissie, terribly changed, and Sidney is altered too, and I hardly recognize my own face in that glass; but he looks just the same."

"Ah, but I am sure he has suffered cruelly!" Sidney said gently. "but, since your time is short, Frank, we will be business-like now, and then I will leave you with Chrissie. I want you to tell me—I did not ask you to do so in those wretched interviews we had together—all you can of that terrible night."

"What is there to tell?" he asked wearily the color coming for a moment into his pale cheek. "Why don't you let me try to forget the madness of that terrible time? Let it rest for Heaven's sake! There can be no good in recalling it now."

"Ah, but there is!" Chrissie broke in earnestly. "Because Sidney has put detectives to work, and—— Frank, what is it?"

"Sidney! For Heaven's sake, say it is not true!" he said, turning to her in the greatest excitement. "You have not done so? Child, child, what madness!" he groaned.

"No madness," she answered gently, mistaking the cause of his excitement. "You need not fear discovery, Frank. The detective whom I employed had no clue to your whereabouts, and you need fear nothing from him. But I thought that, if you told me something of your movements on that night, it might help us."

"No use, no use!" he groaned. "Ah, Sidney, what have you done? Dear," he added more calmly, "my movements have been already made public. I was mad that night—I had been mad, I think from the moment I set my eyes upon her false beautiful face! All they said at the inquest was true," he added, rising in his intolerable agitation. "I had used foolish, threatening, passionate words. I did follow—— Sidney," he broke off, suddenly turning to her, "I will tell you all, and, if you can find room for pity in your heart for my madness, pity me. I have suffered enough, Heaven knows, for my folly!"

In the momentary silence which followed the two women watched him with eager eyes; his own looked into the fire avoiding their gaze.

"It was not all my fault," he said unsteadily. "It is but adding to my cowardice to lay the blame on her; but I can say with truth that she encouraged me greatly in the foolish idiotic passion I had conceived for her.

"I could not tell then that she was only playing with me to excite another's jealousy another whom she did love. I do not mean the man she married," he went on contemptuously, "since the man she loved either did not return her passion or did not do so—as I think—until it was too late. You know much of what passed after her engagement and marriage.

"You, Sidney, in your heavenly pity, had given me a new hope to save me from despair; but, when she returned, her fatal beauty resumed all its power over me. She told me that she was unhappy with the man she had married, that he tormented her with his jealousy, with his meanness, with his reproaches.

"My sympathy for her increased my passion. I asked her to fly with me—Sidney, do not look at me—I cannot meet your innocent eyes when I recall my treachery to you—and on that terrible night I had almost won her consent, when Daunt stepped in between us and induced her to go home.

"She was excited and hysterical; but his influence over her was paramount. They—I mean she—went home. I followed in my madness.

"When I reached Rutledge Hall, having walked through the falling snow, I found the hall door ajar.

"I went in; all was quiet and still. Light came from the library. I opened the door and—saw him—there—lying dead—my gun, which I had forgotten when calling on his wife the previous day, on the floor beside him.

"For a minute I stood spell-bound with terror; then, like a flash of lightning, the thought of my own danger came across me, and I fled away like one already pursued. I got home to my father's; the servants were in bed; he and Chrissie were at the ball.

"I got my great-coat and a hat. I had money with me, and I walked that night to Hayton—no one would recognise me there, I knew—and I caught the early train for London."

"You did not see her then?" Sidney said as he paused.

"No."

"And you saw no one—nothing to give you a clue to the person who had done the dreadful deed?"

"No," he answered abruptly; and again, after a moment's pause, he repeated the word—

"No, I saw no one."

There was a short silence; then Sidney rose, with a long sigh.

"It is very strange," she said sadly. "Will the mystery ever be cleared, I wonder?"

"It is best not," he remarked earnestly. "Do not try to solve it, Sidney. Your generosity has made my life so much less hard that there is no need to cause suffering to others.

"Think, dear," he added, taking her hands and looking at her earnestly and sorrowfully, but with a great tenderness in his eyes, "the guilty person might—who knows?—have a sister, a wife even, who would suffer, for his guilt as Chrissie has suffered, and their suffering could not give her back her happiness—could not blot out those dreadful months or restore her health again.

"Let him go free. The worst is over for us now; and, when I have made—through your kindness always—a house for her in a sunnier land than this, she will come to me, and we shall be happy together, my poor sister and I."

Tears rose thickly in the sweet dark eyes raised to his with some wonder in their depths.

Could this man speaking so patiently, so nobly, with such self-denial, be the petulant passionate, selfish Frank who had always taken his own pleasure and gone his own way lightly and thoughtlessly?

"Frank," she said softly, "I almost think that some day we shall be thankful for your suffering, since you have made it a stepping stone to nobility. But you must let us do our best to clear you nevertheless for Chrissie's sake."

"Do nothing—do nothing," he begged, with an earnestness which could not fail to impress her. "Do nothing, Sidney; let it rest dear."

She let her eyes dwell upon his face for some time in silence, then gently released her hands from his clasp.

"I will go into the gallery," she said, "and wait there. Frank, how long can you stay?"

"Only until ten o'clock; the train—the mail, you know—leaves at eleven, and the roads are heavy."

"I will come back then," she said, smiling as she passed out of the room, and closing the door carefully behind her, left them together.

Sidney's boudoir opened into the gallery which ran all round the second story of the house, and on to which all the principal apartments opened.

It was carpeted with Eastern-looking car-

pots, which matched the curtains screening the doors.

Between these were a few good pictures on which the softly-shaded light fell, and there were some cushioned seats and a few quaint high-backed chairs placed here and there.

Sidney sat down in one of these, and rested her head on her hand.

She was quite alone, and the stillness was intense.

It was the servants' supper-hour, and there was no one about either in the hall below or in the gallery, no one to see how wearily drooped the head of the young mistress of this pretty home, or to hear the long heavy sigh which came from her lips.

For some minutes she sat there perfectly still, then, rising suddenly, began to pace up and down one side of the gallery with hurried, uneven, irregular steps.

What did Frank mean by that look with which he had regarded her, she wondered—that strange indefinable look of compassion and of pity?

Why should he pity her?

After a time, when the keen pain of knowing herself unloved should have left her—it could not last for ever, it must, surely it must wear itself out at last—she would be very happy in her beautiful home with all the luxuries and pleasures she could now command.

Why had he need pity?

What strange idea was it which possessed him that it would be well for her if his innocence were not proved, if he should still lie under the ban of guilt?

It was very strange and mysterious and incomprehensible—at least, it was incomprehensible to her.

She tried to dismiss the thought, but it haunted her with a strange persistency; she could not forget the compassion in Frank's sorrowful blue eyes, the pity in his earnest lowered tone.

She tried to think of the change in him, the great change for the better which sorrow had made, of his unselfish self-denying thought for the relatives of the man who was really guilty of the crime of which he had been accused, and for which he suffered but Frank's compassionate look always came before her, his pitying tone sounded continually in her ears.

It was strange too that Frank should have been so upset at the knowledge that she had employed a detective to inquire into the matter; although his own misery might have made him indifferent and anxious only for rest and peace and comfort, he should consider his sister, who was dying under the load of shame.

Ah, it was a pity that he should go abroad yet, a great pity—for soon, perhaps immediately——

The detective would not have written to her, surely, unless he had something to tell her.

She must try to induce him—Frank—to wait for another ship.

His disguise was so perfect, there could be no danger of recognition since his father had travelled in the same carriage with him for twenty minutes.

Ah, what terrible minutes those must have been.

Then her thoughts wandered away to Stephen at Lambswold. Was he still angry with her?

Were Mr. Daunt and Lady Eva very much annoyed?

What excuse had Stephen made for her non-appearance?

Would people wonder and make comments about it?

It was all so unfortunate.

A clock striking ten in the hall beneath made her start from her reverie and hasten towards the boudoir.

"It is a pity," she murmured softly; "they may never meet again. I may give them a few minutes; even a fly-horse would get to the station in less than an hour."

Then, remembering the heavy snow and Frank's anxiety to go away the same night from Ashford, she pushed aside the curtain opened the door softly, and, entering the room, closed it noiselessly behind her.

Her light footstep and soft unrustling velvet dress made no sound on the carpet, and neither brother nor sister noticed her entrance.

Chrissie was kneeling by Frank, who sat on a low chair by the fire.

His arm was round her slight form in its loose warm wrapper.

Her face, white as death, but intent and eager, intensely alive for all its pallor, was raised to his.

Her eyes, glittering with fever and excitement, were fixed upon his face. Her lips were parted in her close attention.

The intense eagerness on the haggard face struck Sidney with a curious pang and arrested her steps as she was about to advance into the room; then, as she paused, Frank's words—he had been speaking as she opened the door—held her spell-bound where she stood. Five minutes afterwards she understood what had bewildered her, she knew what Frank's pity and compassion meant.

As she stood motionless just by the door, one hand unconsciously grasping the silken curtains for support, it seemed to Sidney Daunt that the words she heard turned her to stone.

She could not move or speak, all feeling seemed to have left her in the overwhelming horror of a great agony, an agony beside which all she had hitherto suffered was but as a pin-prick compared with a mortal wound.

Frank was speaking in a low earnest tone slowly, as if he wished to impress upon his sister the importance of what he was saying, softly, with an intense sadness.

"I think I was almost unconscious as I staggered out of the house," he said as Sidney entered the boudoir; "but the cold air and falling snow cooled my heated brain, I suppose; for it seemed as if I grew suddenly calm and composed. I could see my danger clearly.

"I knew that, if my gun were found beside the unfortunate man who lay there dead, I should be suspected of being the cause of his death, perhaps convicted of his murder; and my very first instinct was flight.

"As I rushed down the avenue I had no other thought. I did not pause to think who had done it; I did not wait in my cowardly selfishness to see if any help could be rendered; my one thought was to find safety for myself.

"As I rushed down the avenue a man passed me hurrying up to the house; then, seemingly changing his intention, he turned and followed me. But I ran too swiftly; he did not come up with me, and I lost him in the snow."

"Go on Frank!" urged Chrissie, in an eager, almost passionate whisper, as he paused, her hands gripping his still more tightly, as if her fingers had a grip of iron.

"He was wrapped in a fur-lined coat, and his soft felt hat was pulled over his face; but I recognized him at once, and then—and then I knew all!"

"All?" the girl repeated, with breathless lips.

"Yes, all. Wait, Chrissie; it is too horrible. I cannot speak it; you could not hear it in this house."

There was a tone of agony in his broken voice which struck painfully on Sidney's ears as she stood still, spell-bound, immovable, her hands grasping the silken curtain for support.

"It is too horrible!" he went on in a moment.

"And yet to you I feel as if I must tell it—you, my sister, who, as years go by with my innocence unproved, may even think me guilty. Ah, who knows?" he added, with great bitterness. "My father believed in my guilt; why should not you, unless I can tell you who the guilty person was? But—but—it seems horrible beyond all words to speak of his guilt here, under this roof!"

"Tell me, Frank," Chrissie said eagerly. All the gentleness and womanly tenderness seemed to have died out of her face as it was turned to him; the firelight falling upon it had given it a false unnatural glow, the thin lips were pressed together in a close cruel line, her eyes glittered with a fierce light.

"Tell me," she said, in her harsh, broken eager tones—"tell me!"

"Need I tell you?" he said huskily. "Chrissie, if you can go back calmly to the past, you will hardly need telling. Was there no other man who was fascinated by the fatal beauty which brought all who looked upon it such misery? Was I the only madman who yielded to its sway and was lured by its light? Besides the unfortunate man who made her his wife, and by so doing drove me mad with rage and jealousy, was there no other but myself who hung upon her words and lived upon her smiles? Was I the only one to whom her marriage gave pain? Look back, Chrissie, think well, and you will be able to answer that question for yourself."

In the silence which followed, Sidney's hold on the curtain relaxed, all her strength seemed suddenly to leave her, her knees trembled, a deadly faintness was coming over her; but the next words called back her failing senses.

"Do you remember the Hunt ball that night?" Frank went on, in the same husky strained voice.

"She left it with him. He came and found us together and spoke to her—ah, they were grand noble words he spoke!—and she went with him—with him, remember, back to her husband's house. Do you remember how long he was away from the ball? He did not return immediately."

"No, no; let me think. He was away a long time. I remember Dolly mentioning his absence, and wondering where he had gone. Oh, Frank, this is too horrible!"

"Horrible, is is not?" he said, with intense sadness. "Ah, if it had been possible to save that poor child from such a fate! But I came too late. Sometimes, in the bitterness of my thoughts, I have said to myself that he married her on purpose to make a safeguard for himself.

"He knew that I was the only person who had seen him that night, and that for her sake I should remain for ever silent—and for her sake too you must hold your peace, Chrissie.

"Would the knowledge that our pain lived again in her torture obliterate it? Would not our ingratitude for her goodness to us both make our future lives a burden, seeing her misery?

"For, as the worst is over, let her find what happiness she can in her married life. She has given me the means to make a trip abroad—ah, not his money, Chrissie!—I could not have accepted that—it would have been easier, far easier to starve—and, when I have made it, you will come to me, dear sister mine, and we shall be happy together."

"Frank"—she had risen to her feet now; and stood with her hands resting heavily on his shoulders—"is it possible that, having seen me, you still cherish that hope—you still deceive yourself as to the future? Do you not see that I am dying—that the same hand which killed him has dealt me my death-blow? And I cannot—I cannot die in peace," she added, with a low wail of pain, "until your innocence is proved, until you are freed from the stain which you have borne so long, until the murder is brought home to the man who committed it, until the murderer is proved to be——"

"Ah, no, no, no; for Heaven's sake do not say it—it is not true! Oh, great Heaven, it is not true!"

The voice was hoarse and broken and strained with anguish as it fell upon his ear.

Frank started, and turned pale as death, and Chrissie turned her colorless face to where Sidney stood, her little hands outstretched, her slender form swaying to and fro as if she were about to fall.

"It is true!" Chrissie said, with a strange awful calmness. "The murderer is Stephen Daunt!"

CHAPTER XIV.

IT is not true—it is not true! Frank, have pity—take back those dreadful words! They cannot be true, I tell you!" Sidney cried, with a strange heart-broken fierceness, as she glanced from one pale face to the other in piteous supplication. She had not drawn nearer to Chrissie and her brother, for in the attempt to do so her strength had failed her, and she had fallen forward upon her knees, and knelt by the door still.

Looking at her, with intense pity in his sad eyes, Frank Greville thought he had never seen such an intensity of woe on any face before; yet for many months his life had been passed amidst suffering and sorrow of various kinds.

Her face had lost all its beauty in the dreadful change which had come over it in that horrible minute; it was gray in its pallor, and all light seemed to have died out of the miserable eyes which looked up at him with incredulous horror and much misery.

When she spoke, uttering her passionate entreaty for denial of what she had heard, her sweet voice had lost its usual low sweet tones.

She was crouching where she knelt like one in intensest bodily anguish, who was suffering from a sudden and mortal wound.

In her face there was a look as of one who had seen some awful crime committed; her white gasping mouth, the convulsive trembling of the fragile velvet-clad form, the stricken horror in the great wide eyes, were terrible to look upon.

Frank turned his face from her, and covered it with his hands.

She dragged herself on her knees to his side, lifted her little trembling hands to his arm.

"It is not true," she gasped—"it is not true! It is a dream, a horrible dream, a terrible, dreadful mistake! You were mistaken, were you not? Oh, Frank, look at me—let me meet your eyes! Oh, think, oh, think—he is my husband, and I love him—I love him more dearly than life, than honor, than aught this world holds! Tell me that you are mistaken, tell me that it is not true! Quick, for the love of Heaven, lest I die before I hear the words!"

As he uncovered his face and turned to her, it was bloodless as her own, and the anguish in his eyes almost equalled the agony of hers.

His hands shook as he tried to raise her. He would have willingly forfeited all hope of his innocence being proved, he would have met death gladly to spare her this knowledge; but, looking at her as she knelt there, his lips refused to utter the lie which would have asserted his belief in Stephen Daunt's innocence.

His silence answered her as plainly as any words could have done.

Her clinging hands loosened their hold upon his arm, the upturned face dropped; she sank as "a dying stag falls beneath the last death-shot," stunned, crushed, and stricken, with blind eyes, and a dumb breathless terror on her face—the ghastly face on which the firelight fell.

A terrible silence followed—a silence as of death itself.

Then Frank stooped over Sidney, and, lifting her from the ground, put her gently into a chair.

She was perfectly passive in his hands; she made no opposition, nor uttered a word, although she was still conscious; the blessing of insensibility was denied her.

"Sidney," the young man said very gently and sadly, "if the sacrifice of my life could undo this night's work, it is no idle speech to say that it would be willingly, aye, gladly made! Forget the words you overheard, dear—forget them. As you say, there has been some terrible mistake—a mistake which perhaps some day will be cleared up, and all will be well. Try to forget them my poor child."

"To forget them," she repeated, with a harsh laugh—"to forget that you have said that my husband—my husband is a murderer!"

"The innocent have suffered long enough for the guilty," Christine said bitterly. "Sidney, the thought of Stephen Daunt's vileness must be sufficient to destroy every atom of your regard for him. How can you love a man so base, so despicable, so cowardly? Knowing that he committed the deed, he let an innocent man suffer without uttering a word in his defence—nay, avowing a belief in his guilt. You yourself have told me how sternly he forbade you to make any effort to prove Frank's innocence. No wonder he feared the result of an inquiry into the matter!" she added, with a harsh sneering laugh which stung Sidney more even than the cruel words, and gave her strength to struggle against the darkness which seemed to be closing in upon her, the numb, dead sensation creeping over her limbs.

She rose to her feet and stood leaning against the chair, white as snow, but very calm now.

"You are in sorrow," she said huskily, "and you speak bitterly; but there is no need for bitterness between you and me Chrissie, and my load will be even heavier than yours, should it be proved that my husband is guilty, not only of Mr. Rutledge's death—that indeed might have been accident—but of the more detestable crime of letting an innocent—man—suffer—for his guilt.

"But even his guilt," she added, with a faint, wistful, unspeakably sad smile, "could not alter or lessen my love for him, even as Frank's guilt—had he been guilty—would not have altered your love for him. But we must put aside our grief just now," she went on steadily.

"Frank's safety must be considered, and, until his innocence is proved, he must not be found here."

"Sidney," the young man broke in earnestly, "let the matter rest! As I have told you more than once, the bitterness of my fate is over, and I am glad to bear the obloquy if I can spare you pain. Do not reopen the matter, my child. No doubt we are mistaken—your husband is innocent—he is capable of——"

"You did not think so a few minutes since," she said faintly. "Frank, look how late it is! You must go; I will order the fly to be brought round."

The bell was answered by Bessie; and Sidney went to the door and gave the order in a quiet tone.

Then she came back slowly to the blazing fire.

Frank had resumed his disguise.

His sister was clinging to him passionately, entreating him not to go abroad, to remain in England, for the present at least, until his innocence should be proved.

All her calmness deserted her in the moment of parting.

She could only feel her own terrible weakness, her insecure hold on life, if he went away.

They would never meet again, she cried passionately.

Let him stay in England, and she would prove his innocence, now that she knew who was guilty!

Ah, Sidney had known it all along! she asserted wildly.

That was why she had done nothing; she was only too glad to purchase her husband's safety at the cost of poor Frank's misery.

"Hush, hush dear!" Frank whispered tenderly. "You do not heed what you are saying. If you love me, you will let me go.

"Chrissie, are you going to force me to say that I am sorry I ever asked Sidney to help us to meet?"

She was clinging to him wildly, both her arms clasping him with all her little strength, uttering faint hysterical sobs.

Sidney stood aloof.

Much as she pitied the miserable girl, she could not force herself to soothe one who had spoken with such concentrated bitterness of Stephen.

"Let me go, let me go!" Frank urged, struggling to release himself, but unwilling to use force; while she clung to him wildly still, until her strength suddenly gave way, her slight arms relaxed their feeble clasp and fell powerless by her side, her form swayed backward, and would have fallen, but that he caught her as she swooned away.

"It is better so," he said huskily, bending over her and leaving a light kiss on the death-like face as he laid her down. "Sidney, Heaven bless you, dear! Forgive me, if you can—Heaven knows I would have willingly spared you this!"

"I know too," she answered, giving him her hand, with a faint, forced pitiful smile which had remained dry all through Christine's wild entreaties. "You will let me hear from you Frank?"

"Yes; Heaven bless and keep you, my dear!"

She went with him to the door.

Bessie was standing in the gallery outside waiting to conduct "the doctor" downstairs.

Sidney drew back slightly under the shadow of the curtain-drapery.

"Good night, Doctor Anderson," she said mastering her emotion, to let no suspicion arise in the old servant's mind. "I am much obliged for such a long visit; but I am sorry we cannot prevail upon you to remain the night at Easthorpe. It is inclement weather for night traveling."

Frank made some inarticulate reply, and hastened down-stairs with Bessie, Sidney returned slowly and with a strange reluctance to the boudoir, pushing her soft hair back from her forehead with restless unsteady fingers.

Chrissie was still unconscious.

Her head had fallen back upon her chair, her hands hung nerveless and helpless at her side, her swoon was terribly akin to death.

Sidney, who but a few hours before had held her friend so tenderly in her arms, had so patiently soothed her in her agony of terror and distress, now shrank from the inanimate form with a horror she herself would have shuddered at at any other moment, her pity changed into resentment, her tenderness into anger.

She could not forget the cruel words Chrissie had spoke, even though they had been wrung from her by a sense of wrong and injury.

She could never forget that she had called Stephen—her husband—a——

Even in thought she could not apply to him the harsh, cruel epithet which the girl who lay insensible there had uttered; her heart sickened at the recollection, her whole frame trembled at the awful horror of it.

She went over to the window and drew aside the curtains.

The lamps on the fly which was taking Doctor Anderson back to the station were dimly visible as they went down the drive and then disappeared; and Sidney drew a breath of relief as she went to the door.

Bessie was coming slowly up the stairs, and looked up as she heard the sound of the opening door.

"Bessie," her mistress said, in a low tone "Miss Greville has fainted. Will you come to her, and do what you can for her this evening? Mason can help you. I shall not want you. I am tired, and am going to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Companion.

BY CHARLES REED.

TWO ladies, both young, both possessing more than the average share of beauty, both dressed in deep mourning, were seated in a pleasant morning room.

One, the youngest, and undeniably the fairest, was directing an envelope, the other a pale, delicate girl, looked on with sadly wistful eyes.

"I wish," the letter said at last, "oh, Nesta, I wish you would not send that.

"My father never intended you to leave here."

"It is better for me to go," said the other, carefully sealing the envelope; "better, far better."

"Why will you not confide in me? Have we not been sisters from our very babyhood?"

"But we are sisters only in love, Ruth. Let me go.

"Do you not understand? I cannot stay now, where Raymond is."

"He has not been base enough——" cried Ruth.

"Hush!" interrupted Nesta, "he has said nothing. But his mother was here yesterday."

"Well?"

"She had just learned that I am not Mr. Fairthorne's daughter, but Ernestine Hay, a waif, adopted in childhood, and thrown penniless upon the world by my adopted father's death, without a will."

"But it is all mine, Nesta, and I want to settle half upon you as my father intended, as soon as I am of age."

"But Mrs. Bancroft told me more. She says that to educate Raymond, and allow him to study law, she drew heavily upon the capital of her late husband's property. Raymond has a widowed aunt who is very kind to him, and who is very wealthy. Mrs. Bancroft hopes Ray will inherit her fortune, if he does not displease her; but she is very proud, proud of her family and name, as well as her wealth, and it would entirely destroy all his hopes there, if he married a waif, not only poor but without a name."

"And does Raymond send his mother to tell all this, when you are yet but a week orphaned?"

"Raymond is still abroad, Ruth, and does not know yet of my loss.

"I have promised his mother not to tax his love or honor by seeing him, and so I hope for a favorable answer, to this," and she touched the envelope, "that I may be far from here when he returns?"

"What have you written?"

"Only an answer to the advertisement I read to you, for a companion to an invalid lady.

"I have enclosed a letter from the minister, Mr. Martin, speaking of me only under my true name.

"If the answer is favorable, Ruth, promise me you will keep my address a secret from everyone."

"Raymond has a right to it."

"But I promised he should not have it. He was betrothed to Nesta Fairthorne, not to Ernestine Hay.

"If you will not promise, Ruth, I must then hide myself even from you."

"But, Nesta, you should consider Raymond," urged Ruth, earnestly.

"I do consider Raymond, and Raymond only.

"Do you not know that I am tearing my heart-strings in this parting, for his sake? You know as well as I do, Ruth, how he has been brought up, in perfect luxury with no wish ungratified.

"If his mother throws him off, and she will, if he marries me, and he offends his aunt, he will be reduced to poverty, with no preparation for its hardships. It takes years to make even a living as a lawyer."

"I see," said Ruth, sadly.

"For Raymond to come to me will be only added torture for both of us.

"He will urge me to marry him, in defiance of mother and aunt, and I am afraid for my own resolution, if his loving arms are around me, his pleading voice in my ears."

"Since it must be so, I will keep your secret, "Ruth said; "but it is very hard for me to give you up.

"The day I am of age I shall carry out what I fully believe to have been my father's intentions, had he not died so suddenly.

"I shall settle an independence upon you whether you desire it or not.

"So for one year I must let you go, then. Promise me you will accept my gift."

"In the same loving spirit in which you offer it," Nesta said.

"I would stay now, but for my promise to Mrs. Bancroft. I must go to the post-office, and send my letter."

"Where, Nesta? I did not notice the address."

"To Mrs. Green, Craige Hill, Westfield."

"I wonder if it is very far from here?"

"Four hours' ride. I asked Mr. Martin."

Three days later, Mr. Green wrote a favorable reply to Miss Ernestine Hay's application, and Nesta bade her adopted sister and her old home a long farewell, to enter upon her new duties.

She bore up bravely while Ruth's loving pitying eyes were upon her, but once in the train, she drew her heavy crape veil over her face, and wept from the fulness of a very sore heart.

She had given her adopted father a true child's love, never guessing she had not the same claim upon him as Ruth had.

She had shared all his own daughter's studies and pleasures, and only the light clouds of childish sorrow had ever broken the sunshine of her happy life.

Miss Grace Fairthorne, Ruth's aunt, had never made any distinction between the two little girls, and had grieved as much as Ruth over this parting, though she knew nothing of its deeper significance, attributing it only to the loss of fortune occasioned by her brother's sudden death.

It was in early summer that Nesta left her old home, and when the first burst of sorrow was over, she became interested in the little events of travel, a new experience in her young life.

By the time the train stopped at Craige Hill, her face was once more composed, and its noble beauty was only enhanced by the deep mourning dress, and the expression of sadness in her large, soft eyes.

Mrs. Green, an elderly lady, who received her new companion in her sitting-room, was pleased at once with the lovely face, and the gentle dignity of manner Nesta had possessed from a child.

She gave her cordial welcome, and while dessert was in progress, told her what her duties would be.

"I have a painful disease, Miss Hay, that is curable, but may last for years.

"My nurse, Martha, who waited upon us during dinner, will wait upon me during my attacks of positive illness, so that you will have none of the nursing to attend to.

"But I am lonely when I am better, and want a companion.

"Someone who will read to me, will sing for me, talk to me, share my walks and my drives.

"It will be but a monotonous life for one so young as you are, but I hope you will not hesitate to avail yourself of the library and the music room, and will find some pleasure for your leisure time."

Nesta answered gratefully, feeling the kindness of this introduction to her new life, and from these few words a conversation was easily opened.

Mrs. Green was interested in the journey Nesta described with the vivacity and freshness of a young traveler.

From this topic they easily passed to others, till both were surprised to hear the mantel clock striking nine.

"So late!" the old lady cried. "You must be quite tired out, Miss Hay.

"I will not keep you up one moment longer.

"Ring the bell at your hand, and Martha will show you to your room. Good night," she added a moment later, when the nurse appeared, "I hope you will rest well. I am quite sure we shall be good friends, my dear."

"Good night," said Nesta, "and thank you from my heart for your kind reception."

Before a week had passed, Mrs. Green found herself wondering how she had endured her blank life before Nesta came.

It was characteristic of Ernestine Hay, that whatever she undertook she performed with all her heart.

Ruth used to say that "Nesta made a pincushion as if it was the only pincushion in the world, and the fate of the nation hung upon the stitches."

It was the same in all her studies and all her pleasures.

She had loved Raymond Bancroft with her whole heart, and many sleepless nights she spent still thinking of him.

But having promised his mother to give him up, she carried out her promise in the spirit as in the letter, and gave him no token of her whereabouts.

So, having undertaken to be Mrs. Elizabeth Green's companion, she threw her heart into her work.

She meant to faithfully earn her salary at first, but after the hours of kindly intercourse that greeted her coming, the salary became quite a secondary consideration in her desire to brighten the life of the gentle old lady who was so kind to her.

Martha allowed no interference in the actual nursing duties required with painful frequency.

But Mrs. Green had restful sense of loving watchfulness when Nesta's hand fell gently upon her forehead, or Nesta's tender voice spoke words of sympathy.

When she was better, Nesta divided the day into a succession of interests suited to her employer's feeble health and intellectual tastes.

The morning walks in the wide, beautiful garden, the short afternoon drive in a low carriage, behind a fat old pony, the evening hours where Nesta's great musical proficiency made the time fly upon swiftest wings, the time devoted to reading, to quiet battles on the backgammon-board, to discussing wools or silks for embroidery, all were invested with the spirit of affection that made their recurrence a pleasure, where they had long been a weariness.

It was no affection, no sycophancy, that made Nesta find pleasurable interest in varying this monotonous existence by every means in her power.

She suggested a fernery, and walks and drives took a new pleasure when she haunted shady nooks for new specimens of feathery leaves to carry home.

She taught Mrs. Green new stitches for her fancy work, and was truly pleased when wonderful pretty things sprang into existence under their busy fingers.

Above all, Mrs. Green found her a true, tender dispenser of her numerous charities carefully judicious in the cases she found out in the village, conscientiously exact in her accounts of the large sums entrusted to her for distribution.

It was not wonderful that before the summer was over these two were united by strong bonds of mutual love and respect.

September had come, and one morning, when Nesta was arranging some late flowers in Mrs. Green's room, the servant entered with the letters.

It had never been the companion's duty to open her employer's letters, though she often answered them, and she continued her task of grouping the flowers in vases with artistic skill.

Soon Mrs. Green's voice roused her from a sort of dreamy reverie, brought on by the silence.

"Nesta, dear," she said, "did you ever know a family named Fairthorne?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"There was an adopted daughter?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you know her? I have a letter here mentioning her, but not telling her true name."

"Her name was Ernestine Hay," said Nesta, in a low tone.

"You! Are you Mr. Fairthorne's adopted daughter, that he so wrongly left penniless?"

"I am his adopted daughter, but he never wronged me, Mrs. Green.

"He was my true, kind father, while he lived, and his death was so sudden, he had no time to make the provision for me I shall always think he intended.

"He dropped dead in the street with heart disease."

"But why have you not told me of this before?" demanded Mrs. Green.

"I did not think you cared to know. I had no desire to conceal the truth."

Many more questions Mrs. Green asked, so delicately and kindly, that Ernestine scarcely knew how it was she opened her heart fully, and told her old friend her love story, her tears falling fast as she spoke of Raymond, though she did not call his name.

Mrs. Green patted the bent head softly, her voice very tender, as she said—

"Poor child. You have had your troubles early.

"May Heaven send you brighter days soon."

It was a week later, when Nesta, coming in from a long solitary walk, found Mrs. Green in the sitting-room, in a strange state of excitement.

"Nesta," she cried, as the young girl passed the door on her way to her own room, "come in here."

Throwing off her hat, Nesta obeyed.

"Tell me, Nesta," the old lady said, taking both her hands in a loving clasp' "am I hard-hearted, proud and miserly, wrapped up in wealth, and haughty because of my ancestors?"

"I have found you ever kind and gentle," Nesta said, wonderingly.

"Am I a woman, do you think, who, loving two young people with all my heart, would thrust my pride and wealth between them, and bid them stand apart, though their hearts broke for the separation? Do you understand me, Nesta?

"Do you understand that when Fannie Bancroft told you Raymond's aunt would disinherit him if he was true to his love and honor, she slandered me?"

"You Raymond's aunt?" faltered Nesta.

"I am Raymond's aunt, and when you are Raymond's wife, he will find fully half the heart he has held since he was a babe has been won away by my new niece. You may come out, sir."

And from behind the window curtain there stepped forth a familiar figure, and Nesta, still bewildered, heard Raymond's voice in loving words and tender reproaches.

Ruth came to the wedding, and Mrs. Bancroft covered her chagrin with a smiling face.

The young couple, knowing that their charge could not be a long one, did not leave Craige Hill, and when its gentle mistress lay down the burden of life, Raymond Bancroft became heir to all her possessions.

A STRIKING illustration of the difference between a republic and a monarchy, so far, at least, as newspapers are concerned, is found in the fact that the number of periodicals of all sorts published in the Czar's empire, from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the Northern Sea down to Turkey and Persia, only equals the number published in New York City alone, 625, and is but little more than twice those published in Philadelphia. For the 50,000,000 souls in the United States there are 12,000 periodicals. For the 101,000,000 souls in Russia there are 625 periodicals, of which but sixty-three are dailies.

The whole of Siberia, with 4,000,000 of population, has only two newspapers and a bi-monthly of a geographical society. The city of Harkoff, with 126,000 inhabitants and a university, has only two dailies and two monthlies. It takes only 4000 persons in republican America to support one periodical; it takes more than forty times as many of his autocratic majesty's subjects to support a periodical.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ART OF MEMORY.—The art of cultivating the memory may be condensed into our rules—1. The habit of fixing the mind, like the eye, upon one object. 2. application of understanding, which is known, in a good sense, as curiosity. 4. Method.

IN THE AIR.—A remarkable encounter took place May 3rd 1808. Two Frenchmen having quarrelled decided to fight a duel in balloons with blunderbuses. The balloon of one was pierced by his adversary's shots and he and his second were dashed to pieces by his sudden descent.

VALUE OF HAIR.—The most expensive kind of false hair is natural silver white. It is worth $18 to $20 an ounce, more than its weight in gold. Bleached white hair is worth only $3 an ounce. Natural hair of ordinary shade is worth from $5 to $20 per pound, except the hair collected by rag-pickers, which brings only from $1 to $3. The value of different colors of hair depends on the fashion. Yellow hair, not golden, is almost useless.

THE SPHEX.—This insect lays its eggs in a hole excavated in the ground. It then flies away and finds a spider, which it stings in the main nerve-centre of the animal. This has the effect of paralyzing the spider without killing it. The sphex then carries the now motionless spider to its nursery' and buries it with the eggs. When the eggs hatch out the grubs feed on the paralyzed prey, which is then still alive and, therefore, quite fresh, although it has never been able to move since the time it was buried.

LADIES RIDING SIDEWAYS.—The introduction of this style of riding on horseback is attributed to Anna of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was, according to Stowe that originally showed the women of England how gracefully and convenient they might ride on horseback sideways. Another old historian, enumerating the new fashions of Richard II.'s reign, observes: "Likewise noble ladies then used high heads, and corsets, and robes with long trains, and seats on side-saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anna, daughter of the King of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom into the kingdom; for before women of every rank rode as men."

THE BEE.—Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush and a pair of pincers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, are only to be seen with the microscope. With this brush of fairy delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar. Another article, hollowed like a spoon, receives all the gleanings which the insect carries to the hive. Finally, by means of a hinge, these two pieces become a pair of pincers, which render important service in the construction of the comb.

MADE OF RAT-SKINS.—An ingenious inhabitant of Cornwall, Eng., exhibits himself in a dress composed of rat-skins, which he was collecting for three years and a half. He made the dress entirely himself, consisting of hat neckerchief, coat, trousers, cape, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 670, and the person, when thus dressed, appears exactly like an Esquimaux. The cape is composed of the pieces of skins immediately around the tails, containing about 600 tails. A lady of Glasgow had a pair of shoes of exquisite workmanship, the upper part of which were made of the skins of rats. The leather was exceedingly smooth, and as soft as the finest kid, and appeared stout and firm. It took no less than six skins to make the pair of shoes, as the back of the skin is the only part strong enough for use.

THE SIZE OF A WATCH.—At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket-clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one harum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron and gilt, with two plummets of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitute of springs for weights—was in 1500. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than $1,500, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

GOOD WRITING.—The late Horace Greeley was famous for his bad handwriting and the following correspondence show the advantages of learning to write properly in early youth. From H. Greeley to M. B. Castle: "Dear Sir,—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next Feb. 3. on the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise, to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.— Yours, Horace Greeley." From M. B. Castle to H. Greeley: "Dear Sir,—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it. But we succeeded, and would say your time, '3rd of February,' and terms 'sixty dollars' are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity; if so we will advise you.—Yours respectfully, M. B. Castle."

WHERE LOVE WAS BORN.

What man forgets, howe'er he rove,
However changed his worldly view,
The spot where first he breathed his love
And first a thrill responsive knew?
Not thou nor I, my friend, I know,
Nor any man of kindly mould,
Whose bosom yet can throb or glow,
Or rosy recollections hold.

Was it in some warm fireside nook,
'Neath noonday sun or midnight star?
By breaking seas or laughing brook,
At moss-grown stile or pasture-bar?
At home, abroad, at eve or morn,
In lonely or frequented round?
No matter—there where love was born
Is still for thee enchanted ground.

The downcast eye, the burning cheek,
The silence out of which, with dread
One swift, momentous word must seek
Bliss or despair, and which, unsaid,
Leaves naught but torturing suspense
To daunt the heart, however brave;
The impulse blending soul and sense
In one great overmastering wave.

Love's prayer and love's consent at last!
The transport never known before!
The form beloved folded fast
Close to the heart, to part no more!
The brightest link in life's long chain—
The joy so old, yet ne'er outworn!
Oh, thou canst see it all again
In that sweet spot where love was born!

In thronged resort or trackless waste,
In secret haunt or open air,
However girt, wherever placed,
On sea or land, no matter where,
Still not the less for all the spot
Where love's vow was breathed must shine,
A temple of the unforgot,
A star, a beacon, and a shrine!

A Woman's Whim.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT, LIGHT LOVE," "BERTIE," "THE DEAN'S GRANDDAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"MY dear, we will talk of this again. For the present at any rate you will come to me. Shall I expect you to-morrow morning?"

"No, no—not the morning," cries Faire quickly, feeling that she cannot leave without the chance of a farewell word to Seton Crewe.

"But to-morrow is Christmas Eve.

"Then let me come in the evening. I will not be very late. We never thought, did we, that we should spend our Christmas Day together? If only Guy were here!"

"We can only hope for the best."

"Mr. Alcourt has heard nothing?"

"Nothing."

Faire sighs.

She has almost given up hope now. It is so long since they heard, and it seems as though she were fated to live for life alone.

Well, she will bear her burden bravely, not complaining, and certainly never confessing how foolishly she had given away her love to the one man in the world whom she determined not to marry.

She has been very foolish, but it is over now.

Henceforth she will be infinitely wise—with the wisdom that only experience can give.

And yet—heigho and heigho!—the folly was so sweet that even its memory is dearer than the hope of any happiness to come.

When Lady Hainault is gone, and she is once more by herself, Faire sighs again, while the big tears are rolling down her face, to think that in all probability after to-morrow she will never look again upon the face of Seton Crewe.

That night they are dining at home alone on which occasions Faire always joins them at the table.

She had at first some vague idea of excusing herself upon the plea of a headache, but the time goes by, and she cannot nerve herself to the effort of resolving not to meet Seton Crewe in friendly intercourse any more.

When the dressing bell rings she mechanically slips on her quiet dinner-gown, and a quarter of an hour later goes quietly downstairs.

There is only one occupant of the drawing-room.

It is Colonel Crewe, who rises from a seat beside the bright fire, and wheels it round for her.

She takes it silently.

Both realize that between them now common-places would be incongruous, and they dare not say all that is in their hearts. Colonel Crewe begins the conversation.

"Miss Edwardes, is this your handkerchief?" he asks, holding out the cobweb wisp towards her.

She takes it, looks at it deliberately, and then lays it in her lap.

"Yes, Colonel Crewe, it is mine," she answers quietly.

"And you know when and where I picked it up?"

"Yes."

He looks at her in amazement, wondering that she can take the discovery so calmly.

Perhaps she has misunderstood him, and thinks he has only found it in the house.

"It was in the upper corridor of Lady Hainault's house the night of her fancy-dress ball," he goes on gravely.

"Yes, I know."

Certainly her nonchalance is very disconcerting.

He had thought she would be dumbfounded and full of penitence. Instead of that it is he who is feeling uncomfortable and guilty, while she remains perfectly composed.

"What are you going to do?" he asks her blankly.

"What you would wish me to do, of course. Leave this house, and never enter it again.

"Leave London even, so there may be no chance of my coming across your path, and reminding you that the roof that shelters your relations has sheltered an impostor too."

He cannot follow her varying mood, nor understand why she has suddenly grown so passionately bitter.

"Why do you speak like that? You must know that I——"

But his speech is brought to a sudden close.

Overwrought by the excitement of the last few hours, the tears that only so lately left Faire's eyes return to them with added violence, and, burying her head down in the cushions, she sobs as though her heart would break.

"Don't, don't!" he pleads, his natural manly hatred of seeing woman weep being heightened in this case by the fact that she is the woman that he loves. But Faire sobs on with unabated grief.

"You must not grieve like that," he tells her gently. "It was only a girl's freak—not a serious fault."

His words might have had no effect had he not at the same moment tenderly yet nervously caressed her hair.

At his touch she flutters like a frightened bird, and then is suddenly very still.

"Then you are not angry at the deception? You do not despise me quite?" she half whispers.

"I esteem you more highly than any woman I have known. If I were not in honor bound, I would prove it by asking you to be my wife."

Perhaps it is because the words are so gravely spoken that not even a transient color flushes over Faire's usually tell-tale face, or perhaps because she feels that blushes are for those who are more happily circumstanced than she.

She looks straight into the fire aimlessly, hopelessly, all womanly feelings lying dormant for the time under the stupefying influence of a great trouble.

By-and-by it may comfort her to know that he loved her well enough to wish her to become his wife.

Just now she can only realize that they are parting.

Presently Irene and Mrs. Sloane-Trevor join them, and directly afterwards dinner is announced.

The meal is discussed in almost absolute silence.

Three of the party are too constrained and full of their own thoughts to talk on general subjects, and Mrs. Sloane-Trevor is never a great conversationalist.

But she is not to enjoy her ease of mind much longer, for, when the ladies are in the drawing-room alone, first Faire and then Irene tells her story.

When Colonel Crewe comes in he finds Mrs. Sloane-Trevor alone, looking a picture of despair.

"Has Irene told you?" she asks him sharply.

"She has told me nothing. What has she told you?"

"That she is engaged to Effingham Lane."

He is silent; and she thinks he is overcome with grief.

Angry as she has been at the disappointment, she considers it her duty now to defend her daughter's conduct.

"After all, it is partly your own fault, Seton; you have been a very recreant lover.

"You might have married her long ago had you not been so loath to lose your freedom. And, really, Effingham has been wonderfully constant and persevering."

"He is a very good fellow. I am glad he is to be happy at last."

She stares at him in amazement. Generosity can be carried too far; and it is almost an insult to her daughter that her loss should be so little felt.

"You never can have cared for her at all," she tells him impatiently.

"I beg your pardon, I care for her very much as a cousin or sister. You must blame neither of us that the feeling never ripened into anything warmer."

"Yet you would have married her?"

"If she would have had me? Yes."

The lady nearly groans aloud. That such prospects should have been within her daughter's grasp, and she should have let them slip away!

"Everything seems to come on me at once," she complains dolefully.

"What else is troubling you?" he questions kindly.

"This affair of Miss Espinasse. I suppose the next thing that I shall hear is that you have married her!"—viciously.

"Not very likely—at any rate for the present. You forget I have never met her yet."

"I understood that she had told you; but the whole thing is so bewildering and annoying that I scarcely know what to think. You know she is leaving us to-morrow."

"Tell me what it is you mean."

"This Miss Edwardes, Irene's companion, is no other than Faire Espinasse—or so she says.

"I always understood that she was a great beauty. And certainly I do not see why she should come masquerading here."

This then is the truth which hitherto he has failed to grasp.

He had thought that she had personated General Espinasse's daughter for a frolic, encouraged perhaps by a slight resemblance.

It had never entered his mind that the name under which he knew her first could be an assumed one.

But Mrs. Sloane-Trevor, out of temper and upset, goes on with an invalid's fretfulness—

"I suppose she came to try her arts on you. Doubtless she was alive to the advantages of marrying the heir to her father's estate, and so keeping it in the direct line.

"Of course she was quite right—only the idea does more credit to her head than her heart."

Colonel Crewe cannot trust himself to answer. With some hastily-muttered excuse he turns and leaves the room.

CHAPTER IX.

A LOVELY morning, cold and frosty, with the sunlight shining through the windows on to Faire's bright head as she stands before the looking-glass previous to going down.

A little natural vanity, coupled with the wish that her lover should remember her as she really is, has made her throw aside all attempt at disguise.

Her gown is still black, but it is of the richest, glossiest silk, and soft lace ruffles fall round her throat and wrists, while her pretty hair once more follows its own sweet will, lingering caressingly in curls above her brow before nestling in a luxuriant knot low on the neck.

A pink flush of excitement tinges her cheeks as she leaves her room, but it deepens into a ruddier glow as, at the bottom of the stairs, evidently waiting for her advent she sees Colonel Crewe.

He has spent a restless night, trying to decide what he is to do, but is no nearer a result than he was before.

Mrs. Sloane-Trevor's inconsiderately spiteful words had rankled more cruelly in his mind than she had intended they should do.

He is compelled to believe that they are true.

Why should Faire Espinasse have come to this house, and under another name, if it were not for the hope of captivating him, and thus securing the home that, it seems certain, she must otherwise lose? It is all too plain.

Love and anger so strangely mingled that, while one moment he is longing to see her only to upbraid her with the duplicity of which she stands convicted, the next he resolves to let her triumph if she cares for a victory so won.

She will have wealth, position, and all that he can possibly give—even a mad unreasoning love that he feels he cannot quench.

All this—only his esteem will be withheld, and that surely she cannot expect, or even wish for.

Gravely he bows when he meets her now, but does not extend his hand in greeting.

"Miss Espinasse, may I beg a few moments' conversation with you?" he asks coldly.

When she makes a movement of assent, he leads the way into the library.

Yet, once there, words fail him.

She has declined the chair he has offered, and now stands facing him, with downcast eyes and trembling lips, it is true, but looking nevertheless only modestly confused, as a maiden anticipating a tale of love, rather than like a guilty woman confronted with the man she has injured.

"Should I be flattering myself over much Miss Espinasse, to suppose that you remember some words I spoke to you yesterday," he begins, with a savage irony that startles himself, even before he notices how the color is thereby driven in a moment from the girl's speaking face.

"I remember all that you told me, Colonel Crewe," she answers quietly.

"Then I was unable to tell you all that I wished; but now circumstances have changed, and I am free to ask you to be my wife."

She is silent.

Not understanding what motive is moving him to speak like this, she is struck dumb by the cruelty of his words.

She can only give him a look of most pathetic reproach.

In spite of himself, he is remorseful and ashamed.

"Forgive me," he says, more gently, "if I am not wooing you as a lover should. Just now I am pained and bitterly disappointed.

"But after a while the feeling will wear away—the past shall be forgotten, the future is in our own hands. I will make you a good husband if you will let me."

"It is impossible—quite impossible, as you must know.

"I daresay you mean more kindly than you have spoken, but—but I am not inclined to play the beggar-maid to your Cophetua," she answers proudly, and turns to go.

She understands him now.

There can be only one explanation of his conduct.

He thinks that she has schemed to marry him for his money—he thinks that, and is generously permitting her to succeed.

She could almost laugh aloud at the absurdity of such a thought connected with herself, only for the pity of it. And yet what does it matter?

They are never to meet again, and in no circumstances could she become his wife. But as she reaches the door he strides after her and lays his hand upon her right arm.

"Tell me, if I had wooed you differently, should I have won?"

She shakes her head.

"Then you meant to revenge yourself for my irresponsible succession to Seton Manor. You intended me to love you, while resolving not to love me in return."

Faire draws herself up proudly, flashing on him a volume of scorn from her angry eyes.

"You flatter yourself too much, and me too little.

"When I came here I was unconscious of your existence, and since then I think you must admit I have used no arts to win you.

"Even now, so little vain am I of my conquest, that I am only anxious to forget the love and the insult that have been offered to me in the same breath."

Shaking off his detaining grasp, she hurries from the room, leaving him utterly confounded, but convinced that what she has said is nothing but the truth.

It has been a coincidence—strange, yet quite possible—while certainly it is true that never by word or deed has she encouraged him to love her.

Now he has offended her beyond forgiveness.

Fool that he has been, not to have read her character aright—not to have seen all its nobleness and pride.

Sinking into a chair, he buries his face in his hands, utterly despairing and miserable beyond all words at the knowledge that this is the last day the same roof will shelter both.

Several times during the morning he sees her again.

She always turns away from him with an indignant gesture.

It is easier for her, now this barrier has risen between them, to steel her heart against him and to hide its real weakness even from herself.

It is an uncomfortable day for them all. Irene, having once thrown off her proud reserve, is like the veriest love-sick maiden having eyes for no one but her lover; while he is so absurdly happy, and talks in such a self-congratulatory vein, that his society is not coveted by the rest.

Their only trouble is that it seems heartless to flaunt their happiness before Seton Crewe, upon whom they naturally look as a jilted lover.

His disconsolate appearance does not tend to dissipate the illusion.

Mrs. Sloane-Trevor has not yet recovered from her disappointment, and adopts her chilliest demeanor towards Mr. Lane, as though blaming him for the perseverance that at last has conquered.

Perhaps it is to make her displeasure the more marked that she inclines to be very gracious to her guest, whom, as her daughter's companion, she had always liked; but Faire holds aloof, not wishing for further intimacy that would only make her task the harder.

It has been arranged that she is to leave that evening.

And soon after luncheon she is glad to make the excuse of packing to escape. But just as she makes a movement to go the door opens, and a footman enters to announce visitors.

Before he can utter the names he is unceremoniously pushed aside, and Guy Espinasse stands in front of him—Guy, not as he had left, clean-shaven, slim, and garmented by Poole, but big, burly, and bearded, conspicuously devoid of all extravagances of the toilet.

Laughing and crying, Faire rushes into her brother's arms, and he kisses and soothes her with the gentleness of a woman.

He is first to remember that they are not alone, seeing that Lady Hainault, who had followed him in more slowly, has already made herself known.

"Introduce me to your friends," he whispers; and in broken accents Faire complies with his request, still holding tightly to his hand, and nestesly closely to him, as though fearful he might disappear again.

It is Mrs. Sloane-Trevor who asks him the reason of his long silence.

"Ah, that is a sad story!" he answers her very gravely.

"I met an old friend out there. We had been to school together, and afterwards to the same college, so you may imagine that it was quite a pleasant surprise to meet him again.

"He proposed to go with me into the interior, like myself, a keen sportsman, and not unwilling to sacrifice comfort for a time; so we made our plans accordingly. Then just at the last moment he was taken ill—not dangerously so, but with a low fever sufficiently debilitating to prevent him from leading such a rough and wandering life; and so I went alone.

"My home-letters were all to pass through him; and I wrote regularly, although, to my great surprise, I heard nothing in reply. At first I attributed this to my erratic journeyings about, knowing nothing of the country, and being constantly sent out of my way by false statements as to where the game really was, and sometimes coming across no sign of life for days together. But when I returned to Durban I found my friend had died of a sudden attack of malignant small-pox, which he had not been strong enough to shake off, and all my letters were lying unopened in his landlord's hands.

"There too I found the first news of my father's death, and learned of the subsequent anxiety on my behalf."

"And you came back at once?"

"As soon as I could, you may be sure. I was determined to be in time for Christmas if I could.

"I only arrived in London an hour ago, and went to Lady Hainault at once, having fortunately found a letter from Alcourt at the bankers', telling me of Faire's mad

freak. Mrs. Sloane-Trevor, has she been a great trouble to you, this wilful puss?"

Mrs. Sloane-Trevor murmurs a polite disclaimer.

She is taken by the young sportsman's frank manner, and proposes at once that the brother and sister shall spend the Christmas Day with them.

Catching Faire's appealing glance, Lady Hainault interposes, claiming her promise of the day before.

"You must honor an old woman who wishes to have her children alone with her for the first day.

We shall all meet very often afterwards, I hope.

"By-the-by, I have not yet seen my godson, to congratulate him on his happy choice"—glancing kindly at Irene, who turns away somewhat coldly, afraid of seeming wishful to conciliate her future husband's rich relation.

"You have heard of it already!" says Mrs. Sloane-Trevor, in surprise.

"Faire wrote to me this morning. She has been reminding me very sternly of my duty to my own kith and kin.

"Thinking she was penniless, I had made her my sole heiress in place of Effingham, who was named in my will before.

"However, now that Guy has returned I must let her have her own way, I suppose."

She turns, with a fond indulgent smile, to where Faire was before, but, seeing to what the conversation was leading, the girl has slipped away.

Colonel Crewe, who has been standing a little way apart, and has listened with a pang of self-reproach at this proof of Faire's nobility of mind, follows her out of the room unnoticed by the rest.

He finds her in the breakfast-room, looking out upon the square, with eyes in which tears and smiles are very charmingly confused.

She crimsons painfully when she sees him, and tries to escape past him from the room.

But he looks at her so pleadingly, yet humbly, that she hesitates, and waits to hear what it is he has to say.

"Miss Espinasse, can you ever forgive me that I have so misjudged you?" he asks in a low voice.

She does not ask him how. She has guessed it all before.

She only looks into his eyes to see how much he knows, and reads something there that makes her own droop again abashed.

"I am ashamed to tell you all," he goes on, after a short pause. "The suspicion was so paltry and ignoble that I do not like to confess that it ever existed in my mind even for a moment.

"And I am sufficiently punished. I have forfeited all chance of your love—even of your friendship. Do not let me go without a word of forgiveness or farewell."

She stretches out her hands impulsively.

"How could I be so cruel? Do you think I have no heart?" she cries, with a little gasp.

He is holding her in his arms now, and looking down at her beautiful blushing face.

A sense of great happiness is stealing over him, unreasonable as yet, but justified by hope.

It has grown darker as they talked, and suddenly, as eyes meet eyes and tell and read the old, old story, some early waits outside break into a joyous Christmas carol.

[THE END]

"Come, Sweetheart!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A GIRL standing at the foot of a great cliff, sand and shells and dry seaweed at her feet.

Behind her deep briny-smelling caves and fissures in the rocks, and the great dazzle of the sea in front.

A tall well-made girl with square shoulders and long graceful arms, with a face not strictly beautiful or perhaps even pretty yet a face which charms by reason of its very contradictions—a sweet, proud masterful face with a calm forehead, a short nose, a rather wide mouth, beautiful teeth, and well-opened eyes, with dark brows and lashes—clear large-pupiled eyes as blue as the sky.

She is dressed in dark-blue serge, and she wears a sailor-hat lined with dark blue, with a yacht's ribbon round it.

She holds her gloves in her right hand—in her left a long crinkled leaf of glistening brown seaweed, the root fastened to a wave-worn pebble.

On this pretty bare left hand there glitters a magnificent gipsy ring of pearls and diamonds.

Standing with her back to the cliff and her face to the sea, she is looking at a little dark speck floating among the bright ripples in the middle distance, between the faint blue horizon-line and the lovely shoaling greens and purples of the water close in shore.

A buoy, she thinks it must be, as it dips up and down in the silvery sparkles; but then the sun touches it, and she sees that it is a boat with a man in it, who must be fishing, since neither sail nor oars are visible, and, so far as she can judge, the boat is at a stand-still.

"A native!" she says to herself. "A savage in his canoe!"

This is the second native she has seen since her arrival at Mourne Castle, with the exception of course of the servants at Mourne, who are all Irish.

She had gone down to the gate the evening before with Gwen Handcock—Gwen had come over from Monkswood to welcome them to Ireland—and, after she had driven away, she had stood for a moment at the gate, looking at the vast mountains towering up to the sky, with a glory of sun and mist on their brown slopes.

While she stood there, one hand on the gate and the other shading her eyes, a horseman had passed, riding very slowly; and as he passed he had looked at the pretty gray-gowned, flaxen-haired figure with some curiosity—a curiosity which Miss Sandys had resented with a very haughty stare.

The horseman was exceedingly good-looking.

As Miss Sandys walked back to the castle she wondered who he was.

She had not expected to see anything so civilised among these "barbarous" old Irish hills.

This is Miss Sandys' first visit to the shore.

Mourne Castle stands in a kind of glen or valley—there is no view of the sea from the windows—only from the top of the Castle one can see it over the shoulder of a heathery bluff—a high blue line against the sky.

Miss Sandys had climbed to the top of the old Castle yesterday, after Gwen Handcock had left, and had seen the sun set magnificently in a great golden ocean, and had tried to picture O'Brazil, the Isle of the Blest, which is said to come and go in these western seas.

"Happy memorial places,
Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead,
Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces.
And the sound of the sea without wind is about them, and the sunset is red."

There is no misty outline of cape or headland to be seen now, where the faint horizon-line of the blue sea dissolves in the blue sky.

Not even the smoke of a steamer breaks the monotony, or a sail, however distant, white, or gray, or brown.

Nothing but sky and water, and that little speck of a boat bobbing up and down among the ripples.

Miss Sandys had made her way out to the end of a ledge of rocks which stretch from the very foot of the cliffs to "where the tide ebbs in sunshine"—a rugged promontory of dove and flesh-colored limestone, from whose base the brown sea-weed floats, whose irregular shelves are covered with limpets, full of little pools of salt water and tiny broken shells.

Looking back at the cliffs, the path by which she came down seems a mere goat-track, zig-zagging up and over scarped rock and spaces of slippery salt-encrusted turf, with sometimes nothing more substantial than a tuft of sea-pink between it and the beach hundreds of feet below.

"I wonder how I ever managed to get down!" she says.

A panic seizes her as to how she shall get back again.

She had not thought of the steepness coming down; she had been so eager to reach the shore.

But now that she faces the sheer wall of rock, it seems as if no human being could crawl up it.

It appears actually to overhang the beach in some places, jutting out in a kind of flying buttress it makes her even giddy to look at.

"What a fool I was to come down! But if I could get down, of course I shall be able to get up again—the path is good enough. It is only that I must try not to think of the horrible depth behind as I go up. And, after all, what is it to the places that I have scrambled over in the Alps?"

Starting from the ledge of rocks, there is first a grassy slope jutting out over the caves, above high water mark, with brown boulders piercing the turf, and tufts of sea-pinks, and here and there a sharp white rock or brown peaty mould.

The path is wide here, and Miss Sandys mounts gaily, singing a little Swiss mountaineer song which had recurred to her with the thought of the Alps.

She takes care not to look either very far up or down, only at the wild-flowers nestling in the crevices of the rocks, and the lichens which gild or silver the rocks themselves.

In this way she mounts gradually, the horizon-line seeming to mount with her, till the vast bright sea fills more than half the picture, laughing with innumerable silver sparkles in the middle distance, shading off in shore into broad bands of azure and amethyst and tender apple-green.

The worst part of the path is a kind of staircase leading up the face of the rock in a very giddy zig-zag fashion—this once passed, the rest of the ascent will be easy enough.

Miss Sandys reaches this particular spot without accident, even mounts five or six steps of the ladder.

Then all at once she seems to be seized with a kind of vertigo—clutches at the smooth-faced rock cutting—finds nothing to hold on to—and sinks suddenly in a heap in the middle of the path.

It is the greatest folly, and the more she gives way to it the worse it will be.

She knows it, and yet she feels that she could no more crawl up the face of that precipice than she could fly.

She shivers, cowering down as if the height were a weight she could not bear; she sobs, she rocks herself backwards and forwards.

There is no living creature near her, no sound but the laughing and chattering of the sea-gulls on the rocks far down below, nothing to be seen—if she had dared to look—but the blue profound of the sky overhead and the bare wall to which she clings like a martin, and that little speck of a boat which seems almost under the cliff now, bobbing up and down upon the bright wrinkling waters, with the great blue rim of the ocean beyond.

Even if she could bring herself to continue the ascent, her head might grow giddy again, her foot slip—and then nothing could save her.

A little farther on the path is not more than a foot wide—suppose she should lose her head there?

The thought of the sharp ledges below comes to her with an ugly rush—of a helpless thing falling—falling—her brain grows dizzy—she feels as if the solid rock were swaying under her—as if she were being swung out over the sea.

It is a horrible sensation—it is unbearable.

"Don't be frightened. You are not in any danger. Give me your hand," says a voice.

She uncovers her wet eyes.

A young man is standing beside her, stooping a little—his hand stretched out—a tall handsome fellow in a fisherman's guernsey, bare-headed and bare-footed, and, though of a fair complexion, so tanned that his arms, from which the sleeves are rolled up, are burnt to a deep mahogany color.

"I guessed what was the matter. What induced you to come here?"

"I was on the shore," Miss Sandys tells him, swallowing her tears with an effort, but still conscious that her breath is coming in gasps and that her face is white and her forehead moist with horror. "I got down this way, and I supposed I could get up again. But, quite suddenly, I seemed to lose my head."

"It is a horrid place. If you will lean upon me, I will get you up in no time. Take a good grip of my arm—you need not be afraid; you could not pull me over if you tried."

"Oh, I couldn't go up! Oh, don't ask me! The very idea of it makes my head turn round."

He looks down at her a little impatiently.

"But this is folly. You can't stay here all night."

"I can't creep up that horrible overhanging rock."

"It does not overhang. That is all in your imagination."

"It does overhang. Oh, don't speak about it; it makes me ill!"

"But the end of it will be that you must either go up or down. There is nothing else for it, if you crouched there all night," he says impatiently.

At this Miss Sandys bursts out crying, her back to the rock and her face to the sea.

The young man looks at her, and from her to the vast toppling cliff, hanging out its brambles and briars and saucy sea-pinks over their heads.

From the cliff he glances, not at the beach, for that is out of sight, but at the blue water three hundred feet below.

What to do with the girl he knows not, perched on this narrow shelf of rock—to wait till she gets over her panic may be to wait half the night.

"This is the most absurd nonsense!" he says at last, assuming a very authoritative tone. "Shut your eyes and give me your hand."

"It is of no use; I could not go up that awful cliff."

"Well, down then. It is all the same to me."

Bemoaning herself bitterly, Miss Sandys finds herself constrained to take the proffered hand.

"Is it up or down?"

She uncovers her piteous tear-stained face.

A shuddering upward look decides the question.

"Down," she says.

Closing her eyes again, she grasps the stranger's bare-brown arm, and crawls down to the shore.

"There we are! There now—I am sure it was nothing so very awful, after all, was it?"

Miss Sandys takes out her pocket-handkerchief.

"Thank you," she says, with a stiff little smile. "I don't know what put it into my head to feel afraid. But it seemed to come all at once; it is so silly; but it is the most horrible——"

"Yes, I know. And one can't be argued out of it. But what on earth ever induced you to come down here in the first place?"

"Why not?"

"Why not! Why nobody uses that path but myself and the goats! Why, you must be an entire stranger here not to know that!"

Miss Sandys resents a masterful ring in his voice.

"Does not to know the path by which to descend to the sea argue oneself unknown in these parts?"

"Nothing but ignorance could excuse such folly. The next time you want to get down to the shore you must go by the road and the village—that is, unless you want to break your neck."

Miss Sandys looks full at him for the first time, doubting the evidence of her tingling ears.

Then she sees that this impertinent young man is the "native" whom she had seen riding past her gates yesterday, and whom she had described to her mother afterwards as "a prince of Thule."

"I have seen you before," she says, laughing.

"Yes. And now you must allow me to take you around to the village in my boat," he says.

"It is dead low water. Why cannot I walk round by the shore at the foot of the Head?"

"Because, even at dead low water, the sea comes up to the very foot of the cliff," he replies.

"But I am giving you so much trouble——"

"Not at all. It is my own way home."

"And I am putting a stop to your fishing."

"I was making up my mind to come in when I saw you had got into difficulty on the cliff."

"How did you know what was the matter?" Miss Sandys asks, looking straight at him.

"Oh, I guessed it! I was watching you, knowing that you had no business up there."

"It was lucky for me that you were there," she smiles, following him across the wet shingle.

The newly-uncovered sea-weed fills the air with its fresh briny odor.

The wrinkled sands sparkle with a thousand broken shells and tiny pools of water, the dying ripples lap smoothly against the side of the boat as she lies broadside on the slimy green outer edges of the stones.

"I will push out the boat and take you in from the rock over there—if you can get out to it."

Which he does, carefully steadying the boat by resting one hand on the rock, while, with the other, he helps her in, enjoining her not to stir out of the place assigned to her.

The boat is merely one of the wicker coracles or coobies used on a coast too wild for craft of more solid construction, which would be dashed to pieces by surf over which the coracle rides like a cork.

His passenger being disposed of, the young man takes up his sculls and pulls out across the glassy water towards the Head.

Miss Sandys, avoiding the pile of blue and silver mackerel at her feet, studies his face as he looks seaward, leaning forward in her place in the stern, her hands clasped on her knee.

He is young—seven or eight and twenty perhaps—fair-haired and gray-eyed, and he has the easy grace of movement which so often accompanies great strength.

He is Greek in face and figure, recalling to Miss Sandys legends of the old Milesians who colonised Ireland ages ago, and he has a certain dogged determination about the mouth and chin which is not entirely hidden by the fair moustache.

That he is a gentleman she never doubts for a moment—*sangre azul* is written in every line of his grave sunburnt face.

Some officer, whose company is quartered in the neighborhood, or the owner of a yacht cruising off the coast.

Scarcely a "native," notwithstanding this fancy about the Milesians.

Gwen Handcock had said there were no "county families" living within ten miles of Mourne Castle, except the Brabazons of Monkswood.

While she muses he looks round unexpectedly, and meets the full gaze of her steadfast blue eyes, and, meeting it, holds it for a second.

And for a second Miss Sandys fancies that he has read her thoughts and is amused by them, such an odd smile flickers over his face.

But the next moment he is looking up at the great Head as it looms above them, golden here and there with blossoming furze, gray with rocky buttresses, the green seas heaving up and down at its foot, and its bare brown summit soaring into the blue sky.

"What do you call it?" Miss Sandys asks, following his look.

"Mourne Head."

"And the village?"

"Kilfinaghty—familiarly, Kilfin."

They can see the village now, nestling under the Head in a little bay—a single street of thatched cottages creeping up the hill—no harbor, no pier, only a very rough beach with a few fishing-boats drawn up on it.

"What a lonely little place!"

"You should see it in winter. The whole force of the Atlantic comes in here, with nothing to break it—I have seen the seas myself thundering half-way up to the top of the Head."

"Do you come here in winter?"

"I have lived here all the year round for the greater part of my life."

"But you have been abroad?"

"Yes—in China. But I am an Irishman born and bred."

Miss Sandys is silent for a minute or two.

Then she says unconcernedly—

"We have come to Mourne Castle for the summer."

"So I have heard."

"You know Mourne?"

"I have seen it from the road."

"You know the Brabazons of Monkswood, perhaps?"

"I am acquainted with them."

Miss Sandys feels that she cannot very well push her inquiries any further.

Gwen will be able to tell her all about him to-morrow.

So she talks of other things—the faint

headlands appearing along the coast, the blue mountains inland, the gulls laughing and chattering about the rocks.

She is amusing herself in this way, when a faint sweet double note comes to them across the water from the woods above the village.

"The cuckoo!" she exclaims, listening delightedly. "The first time I have heard it this year!"

"And the first time I have heard it for seven years," the young man says, resting on his sculls to listen.

"Is it seven years since you heard the cuckoo?"

"I have been seven years in China."

"You can wish," she tells him, laughing—"one may wish when one hears the cuckoo for the first time."

"One might be afraid to wish for what one wanted most," he answers, with smiling gray eyes looking into hers.

"Because it might not be good for one?"

"Well, partly for that reason."

"Oh, but in that case one would be afraid to wish for anything."

"Providence sometimes

" 'Thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with the gift in it.' "

"I believe it is true," Miss Sandys answers dreamily, "or else

" 'As if by some strange imperfection of fate,
The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.' "

He smiles, looking at the girl's face—a curious, grave smile; and she, meeting his eyes with her calm blue ones, wonders again who this prince in the disguise of a fisherman can be, this young man in the guernsey of dark blue worsted with the zig-zag pattern on the breast, such as the fishermen's wives knit for them, sitting on the shore in the sunshine, waiting for the boats to come in.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VAL'S GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR BOYS."
"A FALSE FRIEND," "AS ROSES FADE."
"MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

BUT the white face never altered, and the bright curly head lay heavily on his bosom.

He turned with a groan to carry her upstairs, followed by Colin Monteith.

"Send for a doctor, in Heaven's name!" he cried to some of the men.

"You, Dawson"—catching sight of his man—"go at once,and bring him back with you."

"I'll go!" exclaimed Monteith; and he ran back through the offices to the stables; whilst Teddie, accompanied by young Fitzhall, proceeded up the staircase with his senseless burden.

Half-way down was Mrs. Cole, still wrapped in her blanket, to which elegant costume she had added a huge pair of list slippers.

A little behind her was nurse, enveloped in a plaid shawl, and some of the maids, whom Mrs. Cole had awakened by screaming through their doors to get up or they would all be murdered in their beds.

They no sooner caught sight of Nellie in Teddie's arms,her sleeve and shoulder covered with blood, and her fair face deadly white, than there was a general stampede, and screams from the women.

"Now we shall have the whole lot out on us!

"Oh,hang it! Why must the idiots squeal like that?" groaned Teddie, as doors were heard to open in all directions, and the corridor was quickly filled with people,hastily attired in anything they could lay their hands on.

"Good Heavens, Edward, what has happened?

"Was that a shot I heard?" exclaimed Sir Wilton as he came into view, a large flowered dressing-gown draping his portly person, and followed by his wife,who peered cautiously over his shoulder.

Then out came Mrs. Dick, in the wildest excitement and most grotesque costume. She flew to Nellie.

"Oh, she is dead, she is dead!" she cried, and then proceeded to faint in the arms of her husband.

"Oh, my lady thank 'eaven we are safe!" gasped Cole, endeavoring to hide her trembling person behind Lady Hildyard's flowing draperies, and anxious to relieve her overcharged feelings.

"I was sleeping quietly, as I do always—having a good conscience, thank 'eaven!—when suddenly I felt some one shaking me, and there stood Miss O'Ferra, poor young lady!

"Get up, Mrs. Cole, says she, at once,and call the men: there's people downstairs stealing the plate!

"My lady, you might have knocked me down with a feather!

"I trembled so as I could hardly stand; but before I could fetch my breath to speak she seized hold of me with both her little hands, and I was half-way down the passage.

"Now, Mrs. Cole, says she, a-pushing me, tell them to come quick to the butler's pantry, or they will be too late; and she was off like a shot.

"So, my lady, after I had woke the men, I called the girls to come with me to see to you, my lady, for I durs'n't come by myself.

"We just reached the head of the stairs when we saw Mr. Edward coming up with Miss O'Ferra in his arms, 'er harm and dress all covered with blood, and 'er face that white as we saw in a minute she was dead, and——"

"Hush, Cole," interrupted Teddie; "enough of that! Miss O'Ferra is not dead"—holding Nellie closer as he spoke; "but, if some of you do not come to your senses and show me where to take her, you will kill her."

But now the Honorable Eustachia appeared, fully dressed in her usual masculine style, and carrying a heavy hunting-crop in one hand,a poker in the other. Teddie at once turned to her, as decidedly the most sensible of the women.

"Get some one to show me Miss O'Ferra's room, and you come and look after her. She is not killed, thank Heaven, but very badly hurt!"

To save time, and without stopping to ask any questions, Miss Gardiner marshalled them into her own room.

Teddie laid poor Nellie tenderly on the bed.

And now Flora, with a deadly pale face, came in with some bandages she had thoughtfully improvised.

"Flora!" exclaimed her cousin,in amazement.

"We must stop the bleeding," replied Flora, as, without once looking at him, she knelt known by Nellie's side and watched Miss Gardiner, who began rapidly to remove the saturated dressing-gown.

"Get me a pair of scissors, Flora; and go away, Mr. Galbraith. Send nurse to me, and keep every one else out," she commanded.

Teddie gave a last look at the still form on the bed, the little white face half hidden among the pillows, then turned, and went away obediently.

It seemed hours before Colin returned with the doctor, whom Teddie himself conducted upstairs to the door of Miss Gardiner's room, where that intrepid lady still kept watch over the unconscious little Nellie.

Flora had turned faint at the sight of the wounded arm, and had retired to own room, where Miss Fitzhall found her.

Lady Hildyard was hovering about the corridor, first listening for the least sound from the room where the injured girl lay, and then going in to look at Val, who slept calmly through all the disturbance.

No one thought of going to bed again; fires were lighted, and the whole household sat shuddering over them, or wandered about in excited groups, the more timid seeming to be under the impression that burglars were still hiding about the house. Sir Wilton was almost beside himself with rage that his house should have been broken into, and grief that his little favorite should be so severe a sufferer.

While the doctor was upstairs,the constables arrived, and four of the miscreants were given over to them.

The rest had got off.

It appeared from the statement of one of the captives, who was already turning Queen's evidence, that they were part of a London gang, who had been doing a little business in a town twenty miles off, and thought to take advantage of the ball to get into the Chase, and thus supplement their booty.

Doctor Mortlake reported very seriously on Nellie's wound.

She must, he said, have had her arm raised, as the ball had entered just above the elbow, and traveled to the shoulder. Before attempting to extract the bullet, he would prefer to have the opinion of another medical man.

One of the most skilful London doctors was at once telegraphed for.

Before he arrived,poor Nellie was in such a high fever and so seriously ill that Doctor Mortlake thought it would prove a hopeless case.

The next day the house gradually cleared of guests.

Absolute quiet was necessary while the young life hung in the balance.

Mrs. Seymour-Brooke departed in hysterics.

Flora, whose remorse for her treatment of Nellie had been sharp and short, went away with the Fitzhalls, unable to bear the sight of Teddie's frantic anxiety on Nellie's account.

As for Val, he was inconsolable. It was a sad household.

To make matters worse,Jack O'Ferra was so ill that Maude was prevented from leaving him to come to Nellie.

So Colin Monteith spent his time between the Chase and the telegraph-office, sending her bulletins.

At length a day came when Edward Galbraith entered the room where his friend was sitting, and said, with a catch in his breath, as he grasped his hand—

"Colin, old fellow, there is hope. Telegraph the good tidings. Oh, my dear, dear Nellie!"—and he turned abruptly away to hide the tears that had started to his eyes.

* * * * *

It was a warm sunny day in early June; a light breeze scarcely stirred the foliage of the tall trees that stood in such abundance round Castle O'Ferra.

But the Castle and grounds were a perfect model of a well-kept estate, very different from what they had been only a few short months ago.

Before the door a groom led two well-bred Irish horses up and down, upon one of which was a lady's saddle.

To this latter a gentleman, who emerged from the wide-open door and ran down the steps, seemed to pay particular attention, walking round and examining every strap and buckle, as if the safety of one he loved very dearly were to be trusted thereon.

"All right, Barney," he said to the groom in a deep pleasant voice.

And now the joyful yelping of a couple o' foxhound puppies announced the appearance on the scene of a girl more lovely even than that sweet summer morning.

The gentleman turned to welcome her with—"Ah, here you are, little woman!" and putting his arm round her slender waist, he swung her light figure into the saddle.

She thanked him with a smile,and,touching his cheek lightly with one little gloved finger as he put the reins into her hands, said—

"We'll go my favorite ride this morning, Tedo, won't we?"

"We'll ride all round the United Kingdom if you wish, my dear," he replied, as they cantered towards the gates, while Barney held the struggling pups from following, apostrophising them with—

"Whist now, my beauties! Sure they'll be coming back thin, an' so they will!"

The horses were fresh, and took all the attention of their riders for some time, while Teddie—for of course it was he—kept one eye on the steed of Mrs. Edward Galbraith.

Though she was a perfect horsewoman, she had not yet entirely regained her strength after that severe illness at Christmas-time.

After going about five miles, they turned off the road, and presently began climbing a steep hill, at the summit of which they dismounted.

Teddie fastened the horses,and flung himself upon the turf at his wife's feet, as she sat on a moss-covered boulder.

The beautiful valley, with all its wild and exquisite scenery, lay below them, a perfect feast for the eyes of the artist.

"Look round, Teddie," said Mrs. Galbraith, waving her hand, and gazing at the well-loved scene before her with glistening eyes, "and tell me—is not this dear old hill like 'The Crown'?"

"Very like, my darling!" he replied,raising himself to a more convenient position for placing his arms round her.

"But there is just this difference; here my own little sweetheart is all mine; while there she was not very ki——"

"Stop, Teddie! Ah, that dreadful day! No, I was not good; but"—hiding her blushing face on his shoulder—"I loved you, oh, I loved you so, all the time!"

Teddie held her closer.

"And you are happy, Nell—or, at least, will be,when Jack and Maude and Val and Co. come—eh?"

And now, with no thought of anything but perfect love between them, the star-like gray eyes looked steadfastly into the brown ones.

"Of course I shall be glad to have my brother and sister and dear little Val too; but, Tedo, I am perfectly happy with you—no one but you, my dearest!"

And she laid her lips on his with the very sweetest kiss that she had ever given to him.

[THE END.]

Only A Gardener.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

AN evening in early spring, grey and clouded, a low-ceiled, plainly-furnished apartment in an out-of-the-way old house, and though the other rooms are the perfection of neatness, this one is in all the disarray and abandonment of art.

Two young girl-students are resting after their day's work, resting, each after her own manner.

To one,Gertrude Hoser,the word implied utter repose.

She therefore,leaned back her regal-looking head in a comfortable old chair, as with half-closed eyes,the words dropped listlessly from her coral lips.

But to Esther Forbes, rest was merely something less laborious, and seated on the hearth-rug, by the fitful glimmer of firelight, she glanced over a daily paper, "to glean," as she said, a little news for grandfather at supper-time.

"Oh, Gertie!" she cried, "listen to this: 'The Art Decorative Company is offering three prizes, first, second, and third class, for the best design for screen decorations. It is to be a yearly competition.' How I should like to compete for one of the prizes!"

"And should not I? Let us commence to-morrow."

And so saying, Gertrude sat upright in her chair, and opened wide her great dark eyes.

"How delightful 'twould be," she said, "to awake some morning and find oneself famous, to read in a paragraph, 'Miss Gertrude Hoser has obtained the first prize and a gold medal for the most original design.'"

"I shall be content with the second," replied Esther; "for that five hundred dollars is just what I shall want next summer."

"And what do you want so much money for, child?"

"Ah, Gertie! were I as rich as you, I,too, might work for fame.

"You remember how my dear old grandfather suffered from last summer's heat,and yet refused to take from our little income the sum requisite for a two months' sojourn by the sea.

"If I could put this into his hand, and say,'Let us go,dear grandpa,like two happy pilgrims and enjoy Old Ocean's breeze,' oh, how proud I should be!"

The girls were not relatives, but only neighbors, and the homes of each was in that pleasant art-suburb of London that has grown up of recent years about that Cockney's paradise, Hampstead Heath.

But as Mrs. Hoser disliked the litter and untidiness of an artist's room, Gertrude frequently came and worked, as she called it, in her friend's studio.

Esther did not name her aspirations to her grandfather, but she lay awake many a long hour, thinking out that proposed design.

The next morning, she found a note from her friend, she would be absent for a few days, as her mother had made some engagements for them both, and very glad was Esther to be alone with her unrealized thoughts.

In the visions of the night, a sister art, Poesy, had come to her aid, and the subject chosen was from Hood's idyllic poem, "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," where the little elves are entreating the pity of remorseless Time.

She designed it rapidly, and ere long the picture told its own story.

The old Mower could not be introduced—he would have demanded too much space—but one hand, portions of his grey, colorless raiment, and his scythe,to which clung fresh grass, were visible. And as Hood describes it:

"A shady and sequestered scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio—"

So the fairies were in half-shadow and in various attitudes,some kneeling imploringly, some bowed down with grief, others, "the loyal fays" surrounding their queen, as though to protect her, while a few had, in despair,cast themselves upon the ground among the flowers.

One, that seemed to have stepped out from that bosky leafage to plead with the dread King of years, pointed to a group of lilies in the picture's centre, upon which fell a broad ray of moonlight, as, with their stems folded in their large green leaves, those pale, pure lilies stood serene amid that desolation, and symbolic of the lines Esther had selected as her motto:

"And she that purifies the light,
The virgin Lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame."

"But I must have some real lilies!" exclaimed Esther.

"'Tis the most important part of the picture."

And away she went to a florist's, the most extensive in the entire neighborhood, and where she was well known.

But he had not a solitary one, and declared, at that season, they could not be procured.

"You might see some at Mr. Montcalm's of Oakleigh House,Miss Forbes," said Mrs. Jourdain, the florist's wife.

"For they have a fine conservatory, and a first-class gardener attends to it.

"You will find him quite a gentleman, and he will allow you to draw from anything you like."

Esther further learned that Mr. and Mrs. Montcalm had lately returned from the South of France, and that the lady was so fond of plants and flowers that he spared no expense to gratify her taste.

The next morning, armed with her sketch-book and portable color-box, she set forth, but could only ride a portion of the distance, for the way lay through lanes and roads leading to various residences.

But at length Oakleigh House was reached, and there the great gates so appalled poor Esther that, but for the hope of gaining that prize, she would have retreated in dismay.

In a few days Gertrude again visited the studio, but this time to watch her friend's progress only, having abandoned her own attempt.

"It is exquisite!" said she, after a careful survey.

"But you have not related your interview further than the door of the conservatory was opened—then you broke off to show me the picture."

"I had to wait so long, and feared the gardener would never come, so I found my way to the lilies alone.

"But, Gertie, I have fallen in love with that gardener!

"And as I don't know his name, I mentally call him 'Claude Melnotte.'"

"In love with a gardener, child? I hope not! But pray sketch for me in words this paragon of Adam's calling."

"He is probably between twenty-five and thirty.

"Not exactly handsome, but a good face, expressive of great intelligence; a pleasant—indeed, melodious voice; and he has certainly some artistic taste, for when apparently wondering at my lily-craze,I described the design, he then made a few valuable suggestions.

"And he gave me such a basketful of ferns and flowers and greenery—sending it here to me—that I hope he won't get into trouble with Mr. Montcalm for so doing!"

"If you looked as you do now, Esther, with your waves of golden hair and rapt, brown eyes,like some peri that has lost her way, then I should not be surprised if he fell in love also.

"But only a gardener? Ah, well! Of course, you will go no more to Oakleigh House?"

"No, indeed, Gertie; but he asked permission to call and see my picture before I sent it away."

"And one day he did come, bringing a magnificent bouquet,and this time gave his name, which was Bernard."

Esther Forbes' picture was considered very beautiful and highly poetic.

But—ah, when does not a but, or an if, or some other stumbling-block exist?—it did not gain the first prize.

She was, however, awarded the second,

and that, with the sale of later artistic work amply sufficed for the accomplishment of her project—a trip to the Isle of Wight with her grandfather, Captain Forbes, who, having been a sailor nearly all his life, was, in that truly maritime little spot just as happy as the summer days were long.

But before their departure, Bernard was unfortunately the cause of a separation between the two girls.

He had come again and again to the little out-of-the-way house in Hampstead, had avowed his love, had asked Esther Forbes to be his wife, and finally had gained her grandfather's consent to their marriage.

"Mr. Bernard is not a common gardener," urged Esther to her friend.

"He might have employment on the estate of some great nobleman; but I believe the Montcalm like him greatly, and he does not wish to leave Oakleigh."

"It is not the money, but the position, that I think of," answered Miss Hoser, with a fine look of scorn upon her proud, handsome features.

"But I am not ambitious. Neither can I look very high.

"You know that my grandfather has little besides his pension."

"Yet, an officer in the navy always holds a certain rank.

"However, have your own way, and blame no one but yourself if some of your friends are less cordial than formerly."

"I consider Henry Bernard a most honorable man.

"He is kind-hearted, he is highly intelligent, and he loves me, and I would not give him up for every friend that I have on earth.

"Therefore, Miss Hoser, you are at liberty to set the other an example."

They did not meet again until one day during the following winter and that chance meeting was in the wondrous city of Rome, where so many, whether bent on pleasure, novelty, or study, and some from a yet higher motive, find their way.

Gertrude Hoser was with a party of friends in one of the art galleries, when a lady whose face appeared familiar passed by.

She was richly-dressed, and accompanied by a gentleman.

"If that is the Esther Forbes of olden days," she soliloquized, "then success to gardening!"

She went toward her, saying, as she held out a daintily-gloved little hand:

"Will you allow me to congratulate you, Mrs——"

"I am rejoiced to meet you, Gertie," interrupted Esther, "and to present you to my husband, Mr. Montcalm.

"Henry, this is Miss Hoser of whom you have frequently heard me speak."

"I will leave you for a while to talk over old times," said he, after expressing his pleasure at the introduction.

"My breath is taken away!" gasped Gertrude, when they were alone together. "Did the moonlight fairies bring about this romance?"

"I think they did," replied Esther, laughing—"through the agency of the lilies, and I will relate the story in Mr. Montcalm's own words.

"On that eventful morning a message was brought to me that a young lady requested to see the hot-house, and was, she said, permitted to use the name of Jourdain, the florist.

"Our gardener had gone to a sale of shrubs, but as his return was delayed, I went to explain matters, while collecting a few early violets from their frames. You—for this was addressed to me—evidently embarrassed, I thought it better to leave you uninformed.

"Then the shyness wore off, melted away by the enthusiasm with which you described your proposed sketch.

"I must omit all the sweet nonsense, Gertie, but Henry always says that I carried away his heart that morning.

"I believe he once had a theory, through some youthful disappointment, that all womankind was self-interested, and here was an opportunity to test the sincerity of one, whom he alleges to have singled out from the rest of the world."

"And this revelation took place before your marriage?"

"Yes—for that he had always intended—and it was uttered to me and to the waves during one lovely twilight hour, when he had rushed down for a brief visit to our little sea-girt home."

"And Captain Forbes, what did he say?"

"It was some time before he could grasp the entire facts, being so much less poetic, than practical."

"But oh, Esther! how about the other Mrs. Montcalm?"

"She is Henry's mother. She also has had her little romance; for as Miss Bernard (my husband's second name) she gave up the lover of her youth to comply with her father's desire.

"Have you had time to conclude your chat?" asked Mr. Montcalm.

"Not quite," was his wife's reply. "But Miss Hoser will pass the remainder of the day with us."

"No, Esther," said Gertrude; "you have generously overlooked my office unkind comments, but cannot have forgiven them."

"They are both forgiven and forgotten, dear. And now, Gertrude, Henry's cousin, Jack Ellery, is to dine with us. He admires brunettes above all others, and I can find some scarlet blossoms to wreathe in your dark hair.

"And as Jack, like yourself, is an amateur artist; you can enter into a partnership to design something for next competition, and then, who knows?"

And as Gertrude was whirled along she partially repeated her friend's words:

"Truly, strange, very strange happenings do come to us—sometimes!"

Four to One.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

A GLORIOUS instance of heroism, in self-defence against four hired assassins, was displayed by a Scotchman in South America during the first year of the Crimean war.

His name was John Mundell.

He had gone out as a farmer, and owned several thousand acres.

His sheep and cattle amounted to about 12,000 head.

During one of the many revolutions which were continually occurring at that time in the Banda Orientale between the Whites and the Reds, Mundell's land was often trespassed upon by the "outside" party, and his sheep and cattle appropriated and made use of as commissariat stores for the troops, while gathering together their forces previously to attacking the "inside" party in Monte Video.

The losses thus incurred became so considerable, that Mundell determined to put a stop to these "raids."

Accordingly he armed and trained all his peons, or laborers, and himself taking the command, successfully warded off the marauders.

By this he became a marked man, and was singled out for death by the Reds when they got possession of Monte Video and the government.

As soon as that event occurred, almost the first act of the new Presidency was to select four of "the best o' cut-throats" in the country; the agreement being to give them 500 dollars a-piece on their bringing to the President the head of John Mundell.

His farm was situated at a distance of about thirty leagues from the town of Paysandu.

Thither the four assassins were despatched with instructions to await his arrival there; that being the place to which he went at intervals to purchase his household necessaries.

They had taken up their position there many days before Mundell arrived.

They saw him put up his horse and enter the hotel.

From an ambush they carefully watched all his proceedings.

On concluding his business, which occupied about a couple of days, he set out on his homeward journey, accompanied only by a lad.

The assassins followed him at a distance for several leagues, and when he had completed the half of his journey they put spurs to their horses and overtook him.

Mundell, hearing the tramp of hoofs behind him, turned round to accost them, and, lifting his *sombrero*, gave the usual salutation—"Buenos dias, Cavalleros," which they returned in a most courteous manner, at the same time asking him whither he was riding.

He replied that he was returning to his *estancia*, some fifteen leagues distant.

"That you cannot do," they said; "for we hold a warrant for your apprehension, and you must return with us."

Mundell replied—

"That is strange; for I had an interview with the *gefe politico*—Sergeant of Police—at Paysandu just before leaving the town, and he mentioned nothing about my being detained."

They rejoined—

"We know nothing about that; you must return with us."

To this Mundell remarked—

"Well, gentleman, I am accustomed always to obey orders;" and he commenced the return journey, guarded on either side by two of the assassins.

Cantering along he thought he observed that they gradually approached nearer and nearer to him, until at length, at a moment when he happened to be looking in another direction, one of them, suddenly riding close up, put a blunderbuss to his side, and fired it.

The shot took away a portion of his clothing, but inflicted only slight damage on his person.

Mundell's eyes were now at once opened to the treacherous character of the whole proceeding, and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped off for his life at the highest possible speed.

The lad who accompanied him, followed his master's example, and was lucky enough to get clear away, although hotly pursued by one of the miscreants, who, on the principle that "dead men," or dead lads, "tell no tales," thought that the boy should be disposed of.

The lad's horse, however, was fleeter than that of his pursuer, who presently rejoined his companions.

Meanwhile, Mundell had not galloped above twenty yards, before his horse fell suddenly and violently to the ground, his hind legs having become entangled in a species of missile called *las bolas*, which is a kind of lasso, consisting of three cords, attached at one end, and having each a round ball of lead or iron at the other.

Being a first-rate horseman, he alighted on his feet, and immediately drew his camp-knife from his girdle, and endeavored to cut away the *bolas*.

But while in the act of doing so the men were upon him.

Mundell confessed to me that, at that moment, and that moment only, during the whole of the murderous onslaught to which he was subjected, he absolutely lost his presence of mind.

He found himself beset and overwhelmed; he on his feet, and the assassins on horseback; and at an advantage of "four to one."

His escape seemed an utter impossibility.

He, however, drew his pistols, single-barrelled ones only, and fired them off blindly and almost aimlessly.

Having done so without any effect, he yet managed, amid the smoke and noise, to free himself from his assailants for a brief moment, and take up a position of quasi-defence, fixing upon them his eyes, which gleamed upon them with a fierce and desperate energy.

Strangely enough, instead of at once following up the "bloody business," and ending it, the assassins drew up their horses, and coolly remarked—

"Let him alone for a while; he can do nothing; there's plenty of time."

They then dismounted, and quietly lit their cigarillas.

No doubt these men were all cravens at heart, as most hirelings are.

However, the influence of a few puffs of tobacco seems to have imparted to one of them an unusual courage; for about this time he made a sudden rush, on foot, at his prey, charging at him with a spear about twelve feet long.

Mundell was prepared for the movement, however.

Just as the point of the weapon pierced the ball of his hip-joint, he wrenched it from his opponent's hand, and got away; retaining, however, only the upper portion of it, as the spear was broken in half by the struggle.

After this fiasco, they began to cut off from Mundell's fallen horse all the silver ornaments on the harness.

Having done this at leisure, they remounted and recommenced the attack.

Mundell, meanwhile maintaining his threatening attitude, but with no other weapons than this fragment, his knife, and his eagle eye, awaited their coming as they cantered towards him with the view of trampling him down.

His resolute attitude, however, seemed to stagger them.

They drew up their horses, and began firing at him with their blunderbusses.

These were old-fashioned arms, supplied from the armory in the Tower of London, and which scatter the shot from their bell-shaped muzzle on emerging; and hence it happened that Mundell escaped any serious injury, although he declared that he was fired at at least twenty times.

The men began to think that he was ball-proof.

A superstition exists among them that some favored ones are thus miraculously protected by the powers above, and are incapable of being killed by fire-arms.

They accordingly put up their blunderbusses, and took out their lassos, which for about half an hour they continued to throw over Mundell's head, but without effect, as with the fragment of the broken spear which he still retained, he managed to prevent his becoming entangled by the coils.

During all this time Mundell had been walking backwards, at intervals falling over some of the huge tufts of grass which abound there, yet always recovering his feet, until at length he began to feel so thoroughly exhausted that what with the broiling sun, the intense excitement, and the fatigue, he felt that he could last but a very little longer.

Placing his camp-knife, which he held in his left hand, close to his heart, he was prepared to plunge it in, the very moment he felt that he was overpowered; for, as he used to say, he would rather suffer any torture than the ignominy of being killed by a gaucho.

At this juncture the sound of horsemen approaching was heard galloping towards the spot.

They consisted of a small troop of armed natives, who, having heard the frequent report of fire-arms, imagined that some engagement was going on.

The assassins no sooner observed them than they hastily reloaded their blunderbusses, and each firing a parting shot at Mundell, but without effect, galloped hastily away.

Our hero was picked up by the new comers and carried back to Paysandu.

As a further illustration of the extraordinary pluck of this man, it may be mentioned that shortly after recovering from his wounds, he actually rode into Monte Video, the hot-bed of his enemies.

Chancing to meet him in that city he recounted to me the thrilling narrative of his escape, which caused me to exclaim: "But how, in the name of all that's reckless, do you venture to show yourself thus publicly here?"

He replied: "The murderous rascals daren't touch me in this town. I carry now a couple of six-barrelled revolvers, and should be a match for a half a dozen of them. But, only let me once again meet any one of those four craven hirelings, and his life will not be worth a maravedi."

Some little time after this marvellous exploit, I stayed for a few days with Mundell at his *estancia*, and he showed me the trophies of his victory.

During my stay with him, I used to accompany him just before sundown to a high hill near at hand, from whence he would take a telescopic survey of the country around; for he nightly expected an attack. His head was worth as much, probably more, than ever.

One night we had to sleep out in the open camp; and sleep seemed certainly out of the question, at least for him.

With revolver in hand, he sat upright till dawn, with an eye of circumspection, and a look of cool expectancy.

To my great relief, we had no visitors; and up to this day the President of the amiable Republic of Monte Video has never been called upon to pay the proffered dollars—the price of blood.

Scientific and Useful.

WATERPROOF PAPER.—A German paper trade journal says that a waterproof paper which will shine in the dark can be made of forty parts paper stock, ten parts of phosphorescent powder, ten parts of water, one part gelatine and one part of bichromate of potash.

VARNISH AND PAINT.—To remove varnish and paint from wood, use a solution of caustic soda. Apply with a brush, and, after a while, rinse off with water. Repeat this operation several times, according to the thickness of the paint. By this means the wood is restored to its color.

SKELETON CORAL.—Skeleton coral is produced by steeping ordinary coral in dilute muriatic acid for a long time. The lime is dissolved and a delicate framework of silica left. Some of these skeletons are so delicate that they break in drying. All should be kept under glass.

THE COMPASS.—An Italian invention is a compass in which the needle floats upon a pool of water, tinctured with spirits of wine to prevent freezing. The whole is enclosed in a sealed case. The advantage claimed for this compass is that while all the ordinary movements of the needle are free enough, those occasioned by sudden shocks are modified and softened. The effects of the discharge of a heavy cannon and of the pitching of the vessel are thus guarded against.

SINGING.—The faults in singing are mainly two: 1. Singing with an insufficient amount of air or with imperfect control over the respiration. 2. An undue extension, generally upward, of the registers. This is frequent in baritones who wish to be tenors. It is very common in some orators especially clergymen. The result is congestion not only of the vocal ligaments, but especially of the pharynx, in which, as the result of forcing, the condition known as granular pharyngitis with varicose veins, a disease very analogous to that of rector hemorrhoids, is observed.

CANARIES.—To free canaries and other cage birds from the insects which infest them, the following method is recommended by one who has successfully practiced it for years: Every night just at dusk the cage or aviary is covered over with white cloth. During the night the parasites will crawl from off the birds on to the cloth, where they may be seen running about when the cloth is removed at daybreak. The insects may be killed by putting the cloth into boiling water. A repetition of the process will soon clear away the pests without injuring the birds. Insect powders will no doubt kill parasites, but the birds as well.

PAPER PILLOWS.—The making of counterpanes and pillow shams out of paper is now one of the industries of New Jersey. No. 1 manilla paper is used, two large sheets being held together by a small twine at intervals of three or four inches, gummed so as to stick the sheets together where the twine lies. The margin of the counterpane has a hem, in which is more of the twine, to keep it from tearing. Beautiful designs are printed on the upper surface of the counterpane and pillow shams, which make a very neat appearance. When they become wrinkled they can be made smooth by hot flat irons.

Farm and Garden.

THE WEATHER.—It is a well-known fact that all animals grow better and take on fat faster in warm weather than in cold, and it is well to take advantage of this fact in preparing the surplus stock for sale.

HOUSE-PLANTS.—A new method for the getting rid of worms which destroy the house plants is a number of sulphur matches placed in the flower pots with their heads down. The experiment has been tried with success.

THE HORSE.—Corn gives strength to the horse. Therefore, where his work continues the same, give a little more corn as the weather becomes cold. But if the work falls off, as in winter, the feed of corn may be decreased.

BEDDING.—Secure a supply of stable bedding before the wet and cold weather sets in. Swamp grass, leaves, sawdust, etc., are good. Do not use sawdust if other material can be obtained easily, as it is no advantage to the manure pile until it is decomposed, and years are required to accomplish that.

PLOWING.—In considering the depth to run the plow all the circumstances must be considered. It will not do to turn up too much of the cold subsoil at once. The plowing should be gradually deeper every year, in order to allow of sufficient time for the upturned soil to be reduced to a proper condition for plant food.

FLOWERS.—If one wishes to improve a certain flower, fruit or vegetable he must first decide what kind of a product he wishes to produce. He must have his ideal always in his mind. He must then select seeds from those specimens which come nearest to his ideal. Of the offspring he must select in the same way, and so continue until perfection is attained.

UNDERDRAINAGE.—Even a stiff clay may be rendered more fertile by under drainage which not only carries off the surplus water but allows the air to penetrate the soil. In dry weather the air carries a proportion of moisture with it, while the warmth of the sun is absorbed more quickly in early spring. A thoroughly drained soil produces better crops and starts an earlier growth than one which is allowed to drain itself naturally.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 25, 1884.

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—or,—

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Man in his creation has been gifted with two distinct lives, and this gift has been duly appreciated and made a blessing by some, and by others, through their own lack of self-control, or even self-knowledge, turned into a curse.

The first—primary not of itself, but simply because it is more familiar, and much better known—is the physical outward life with which we are all acquainted, and by which we are accustomed to judge each other.

The second and greater, is the inner, spiritual existence, the being which animates the soul and mind, the truer, more real life of the two.

A strong, potent, reliable factor it is, if properly trained; and the task of training, of governing and subduing when necessary, of fortifying and upholding, and even strengthening, rest with the possessor himself.

We know of the self-made outward man, how step by step, little by little, he has risen perhaps from the lowest rank to the highest, with little or no help from fellow creatures, owing his rise wholly and solely to his own exertion; and through all he has had two struggles, two battles to fight, and the greater victory has been unquestionably the one gained over his own natural, jealous self.

Courage, humility, illimitable patience, are all characteristic of men who have wrought their own fortune; but they are not characteristic of ungoverned, untrained human nature. Each and all must be acquired by degrees, by great self-subjugation fostered by a spirit of undaunted determination.

The will is brought into play, the feelings made subservient to it in all things—not an easy matter, by any means, and one which in the accomplishment is far more than would appear to the mind of the untried novice.

Self, with its petty cares and annoyances, its manifold disquieting doubts and fears, its immediate joys and sorrows alike, must be lost sight of and resolutely placed in the background and kept there.

To do this the dominant will must needs be a strong one, "which will not bend, and neither will it break," it must have, too, as strong and faithful allies, a healthy, unimpeachable judgment, nice discrimination, and an active, quick-seeing foresight. With these guides and monitors the severe discipline of the inner self is carried on and maintained without relaxation: otherwise the structure falls to the ground.

A single lapse is fatal; there is a certain charm and attractiveness in giving rein to the natural impulses which even the force of habit and custom, strong as it may become in time, is powerless to wholly subdue.

The self-made man is always capable of something still greater than he has already achieved. Nothing within human possibility is beyond his power. When he has once succeeded in reaching the pedestal of success, he stamps himself conqueror involuntarily. The very fact of his attaining such a height proclaims him victor in the greatest battle humanity can fight.

He has not only made his own fortune, but he has also made himself—schooled his own inner nature to such a degree that he is completely master of it, and has it completely under his own control—one of the most powerful agents of good or evil, as the case may be, within the province of human understanding, and one, too, whose weight and value are not only frequently underrated, but even more frequently totally ignored and set at naught.

Yet in the training and well-being of this inner life, man is given a great responsibility. Its influence on the outward conduct, even on the impulses themselves, is very great indeed.

Generally left unschooled, open to any immediate domination chancing to surround it, in time it becomes the master rather than the servant, and a master of exceeding sternness and inexorability.

Even the will itself become subservient to this great governing power, and then the outward man develops into a pitiable object of unsettled purposes and changeable whims whom none can look up to, solely through his own lack of self-respect.

The great secret of all success is self-control, exercised at the right time, and persevered in, not by fits and starts, at odd times, when there is no temptation to do otherwise than persevere, but steadily, hopefully, with a grim determination that is not only not afraid of obstacles and drawbacks, but takes a certain pleasure in surmounting them and keeping them at bay.

Lacking this spirit, a man is indeed a fair object of commiseration; possessing it, he, in his strong, sturdy way, goes far toward fulfilling the poetic ideal of a "perfect being, nobly planned."

SANCTUM CHAT.

A GRAND jury in London recently made a special presentment in favor of the application of the "cat" to criminals of certain grades, and twenty stripes were added to a sentence of five years' penal servitude since imposed upon a malefactor of the class indicted.

—

A VERMONT farmer, whose son purchased a bicycle, is utilizing the machine by making it furnish power for his winnowing mill, corn-sheller and grindstones. This he does by suspending it from the axle, removing the tire from the wheel and connecting it by an endless rope with his agricultural machines, then making his son mount and do the propelling.

—

THE nose is discovered by competent authorities, such as the leading Italian professors, to be an indispensable requirement for a first class voice, in either the higher or lower notes. The Americans present this nasal qualification to a very high degree, they assert, whereas English students are destitute of it. For this reason the Americans furnish the singing world with so many superior voices, and England furnishes it with so few.

—

A LECTURE on parasites was delivered at the London Health Exhibition, recently, in which the lecturer said that vegetarians who flattered themselves that by abstention from meat they escaped the ills of parasitism, only jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the most common parasite known in England is almost entirely nourished by the cellulose and protoplasm of vegetables; and that it was by means of vegetables and the careless use of unfiltered water, employed in washing of salads and other herbs, that certain parasites were introduced into the human body.

—

To the list of novel inventions from the land of wooden nutmegs must now be added paper cigars, large quantities of which have been imported into the Australian colonies. A correspondent describes these as being such an exact imitation of the natural leaf of the nicotian herb, and to be so well flavored, that it takes a magnifying glass to detect the deception. He adds, too, that they burn well, and hold their white ash firmly.

—

A NOVEL gambling scheme has been devised in New Orleans, which already rejoices in cotton futures and numerous lotteries. The machine consists of a circular revolving disc with openings to which a card falls showing "higher" or "lower" for various stocks or articles of commerce. The actual course of the market has no more to do with determining who win or who lose than if it were a play against a roulette wheel.

—

IT is a mistake to suppose that a good general education will secure success in life. No wise man accepts a general invitation to dinner; it involves no particulars. Only a particular education is of practical use. Let the boys be educated for something particular—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, printers, merchants, tradesmen—only something definite. No hands are so often idle as those which are supposed by the owners—and by no one else—"fit to turn to anything."

—

SLEEPLESS people—and there are many of them in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best is sunshine. Therefore, it is plain that the poor sleepers should pass as many hours of the day in the sunshine and as few in the shade as possible. The injurious effects of the shade is very noticeable in plants growing in secluded places and ladies who are accustomed to carrying sunshades. The invigorating power of sunlight is infinite, and he whose skin is tawny seldom requires a pill.

—

A DECREE has been issued by the French Prefect of the North, prohibiting the exhibition of deformed or fat children at fairs and other places. "Considering," says he, "that it is the custom to exhibit deformed or extraordinarily fat children at all seasons at public shows and fairs, and considering that those who exhibit children might be tempted to develop these infirmities in order to gain a living thereby; considering also that this exploitation of children is immoral from every point of view, it is prohibited," etc.

—

A FRIEND of small birds, in defending them against charges of destructiveness, cites the proof offered for inspection by a Frenchman in the 1851 Exhibition. The contents of the crop of birds so accused were exposed glued upon a board, analyzed and indexed by the side of the bird's body for identification. This examination, he says, was distinctly in favor of the birds as a successful destroyer of mischievous grubs and insects, the grain being a minimum, and it led to some useful protective measures of small birds in France.

—

THE simple making and selling of men's clothing is the greatest local industry in New York city. It employs nearly double as many people as any other single occupation, not taking into account the workmen who manufacture and finish the cloth. Inside the city limits about eight hundred establishments are devoted to the business, with an aggregate capital of nearly $25,000,000, employing 15,000 operatives, and paying out $15,000,000 a year in wages. Coats and trousers made in New York city are worn by men in every State and Territory in the Union.

—

IT seems to be overlooked by meteorologists that when a season has taken a decided character, whether as wet or dry, the ordinary indications of change seem to lose their meaning. In 1879 all signs of fair weather, drawn from the appearance of the clouds, the actions of birds and insects, etc., were quite misleading. And in the present season the commonly accepted signs of rain have often went for nothing. The sky may become gradually overcast with dark, ragged masses of underscud; there may be a "hollow and a blustering wind, swallows may fly low, slugs come out in great numbers, bubbles of gas rise from ditches, etc, but the weather remains dry, or at the most there is a slight shower."

—

THE labor and expense of conducting a railroad can probably be judged when it is taken into consideration that the washing and ironing of linen in use on Pulman palace cars alone, causes monthly an outlay of thousands of dollars. Each car contains twenty-four berths, and the linen must be changed daily. Every day there are nearly 30,000 sheets, 20,000 pillow-slips, 10,000 hand-towels, and 8,000 roller-towels, to be washed. The average price paid for laundrying is 1½ cents per piece. Sixty-three thousand pieces a day would bring the laundry bill up to $25,000 a month, which may be maximum; take $10,000 for the minimum. In addition to the other expenses of running the cars, the number of combs, brushes, whisk-brooms, feather-dusters, soap, towels and tumblers stolen is enormous. One of the leading ladies of a traveling dramatic company was detected recently appropriating the soap, comb and brush in the ladies' toilette room.

—

THE patents on sewing machines expired some years since—that is, in 1876. A number of new companies were ready to enter the field when patent rights were no longer enforced, and they did so; but they nearly all went bankrupt. Women that were used to the popular machines would have nothing to do with cheaper and better instruments with which they were not familiar. Since the patents expired in 1876 nine of the new companies have become bankrupt, and while forty new ones exist in name, the business is really monopolized by the old companies. According to the last census there are 100 sewing machine establishments in the United States with an invested capital of $12,300,000. They employ 9,283 persons, and annually pay wages amounting to nearly $5,000,000. The sales of machines amount to $14,000,000 annually.

—

IT is amusing to watch the ceremonies at the launching of a Chinese war vessel. It is always customary before a junk sails on any voyage to sacrifice a cock and sprinkle its blood on the bows of the vessel, amid much beating of gongs. But on this occasion a very especial blessing is invoked on the new undertaking, and the Court at Pekin sends its Imperial Commissioner to offer sacrifice, as the representative of the Emperor. Two altars are, therefore, erected on board the new ship, one to the Goddess of the River, and the other to the Goddess of Heaven. To the former are sacrificed two goats and two pigs; and to the latter, who has less to do with shipping, only the heads of one pig and one goat. But quantities of joss paper, inscribed with prayers for good luck, are burned on each altar, and showers of prayers on gilt paper are thrown into the sea to propitiate the Sea Dragon. Then, amid deafening beating of gongs, firing of guns, shouting, and general uproar, the vessel glides into the water.

—

How often do we hear it said in praise of certain people that "they always had a good word for every one." Such people are spoken of in return; they have many friends, and are always held up as subjects worthy of being followed by the more careful and cautious. These apparent monuments of kindness may serve some good purpose; but, to our mind, the goodness of their motives is to be strongly contrasted with the damage they cause by too freely extolling those whom they know little or nothing about. A rogue well recommended, and that, too, by people of high moral standing, is a very dangerous person to be at large. And yet how many such swindlers are among us. Testimonials of character are supposed to be given for the guidance and protection of innocent people; but in how many cases have these recommendations aided the workings of thieves and scoundrels. The man who is even over-slow to praise any one will live a long time before his silence in this respect can have done as much harm as a person who is too lavish and careless with his eulogies may do in a day.

ONE DAY.

BY E. B. E.

We can never forget that one day, heart's dearest,
The day that to us was the first of days—
All the days and years of our lives before it
Are faintly seen through a shadowy haze;
Is it true that for years I lived without you?
It is hard to believe such a time could be:
But a day dawned that gave me to you, heart's dearest,
And you to me.

Could any eyes see it but ours, heart's dearest,
The glory that shone on the world that day?
Was it only a gloomy October morning,
With cold winds blowing the leaves away?
The gusts that swept through the fading beech-wood
Were gales from Eden to you and me,
The leaves fell upon us like blessings, heart's dearest,
From every tree.

Some fairy had been in the wood, heart's dearest,
And laid a spell on it, strange and sweet—
They might have been roses that strewed our pathway,
Those leaves that rustled beneath our feet.
What did we care that the leaves were falling?
Little we recked that the sky was grey,
For the sun had risen on our lives, heart's dearest,
To shine for aye.

Spring is the time for the birds, heart's dearest,
For the cuckoo to call and the lark to sing!
Summer for roses, and autumn for harvest,
And "There is a time for everything."—
But for wooing and winning what does it matter,
Fair summer sunshine or winter grey?
Love has all times for his own, heart's dearest,
And every day.

Yet we would not go back to that day, heart's dearest,
For the loss would be more than the gain would be;
The love in our hearts has grown stronger and deeper
Mine for you, darling, and yours for me.—
The light illumined the wood that morning
Shines clearer now on our onward way;
For life and death we are one, heart's dearest,
Since that glad day.

The Officer's Button.

BY FRANK ABELL.

SOUTHSEA never looked better than on that afternoon.

It was between four and five o'clock, and a perfect sky made a perfect background to the Isle of Wight, which stood out distinctly in the distance.

Woods creeping down to the sea, and that sea bathed in this glorious sunlight, smiling back at those woods with its happiest smile, as if the appointed bounds, which might hold it in check to-morrow, had never fretted or held it back from the lawless exercise of its gigantic will.

Houses clustering thickly here and there; church steeples pointing upwards; a range of cliffs and a wide expanse of downs—verily it looked a sort of El Dorado land over there.

"The heart of the island must look fair enough to-day," thought Reine Crawshay, as she strolled across the common towards the sea-wall, which forms one of the largest and most fashionable promenades of Southsea.

For here you can walk close to the sea, which at high tide is ripping at your feet; and from here you may see many a Trooper come sailing along, bearing the English flag proudly enough, as with the slow stately movement which seems peculiar to troopers, they pass on to the east or west, as the case may be, their decks sown with red, like a field of poppies.

And from here you can watch the steamers crossing and recrossing to Ryde, and the yachts cutting along or at anchor; or if you are interested in the last and most subtle manner of warfare, you can study torpedo practising.

Indeed you can be well versed in naval and military tactics, in this gay little Southsea, with its guns bristling from every nook and corner, and its various objects of interest lying but a stone's throw off in the Portsmouth docks.

"I think, Tartan, if you had less hair, you might swim across to the Wight," thought Reine aloud; "it looks so near."

Tartan gave way to a bark of very deep meaning.

Reine was smiling at him, and who was more observant of smiles or frowns than Tartan, the distinguished son of the distinguished champion Piper; a skye-terrier who rejoiced in the smiles of royalty, having paid a visit to the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and to the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House.

After this Tartan felt he had an hereditary right to bark, and to bark loudly; it was all very well for vaurians to muffle up their organs; even Tootles, his intimate friend, who hailed from Lancashire, and had a pedigree, knew better than to bark in concert with him.

"This is more charming than in London, eh, boys?" said Reine, as she threw the bo-peep stick she carried for them to run after.

The "boys" evidently thought so as they bounded off with the unrestricted movements plenty of space permits.

Reine Crawshay had a face of the "Burne-Jones" type.

You saw poetry, perhaps drama, in the changing shifting beauty which encompassed her, impossible to see prose.

Artists in Rome had declared that Miss Crawshay had a form moulded after the Grecian, and hazarded that you might divide her, as the Greeks did their perfectly beautiful human figures, into eight or ten parts, and she would pass through the ordeal triumphantly.

Her proportions were faultless, and Mrs. Crawshay, who had been "going round," as the Americans call it, for some time, listened with some pleasure and some displeasure to the artistic whisper, but at last let the latter feeling have away; for she said—

"Of what avail the Burne-Jones face and the Greek form, if Reine will be so fastidious? Why, can't she marry Mr. Bevis, who is so persistent and so rich; or Mr. Fortescue, who has pursued her from New York? What does she want—a demi-god?"

And Reine would lay her finger on her lip and smile, when Mrs. Crawshay thus lamented, and say—

"Yes, a very out-of-the-way, distinguished bewildering sort of demi-god. I must feel like Miss Buchanan, when she fell in love—I'm going, going, going——"

It was then Mrs. Crawshay had shuddered, and felt that for Reine, there would be, there must be drama.

And now the season in London is over, and Mrs. and Miss Crawshay were passing a few weeks at Southsea, before returning to America.

For, said Mrs. Crawshay; "I am weary of going round, and Reine must find her demi-god among her own people."

Reine had lingered by the sea-wall till the sun had gone down, with all those attendant glories of hue which change a landscape into a phantasmagoria of shifting beauty, and set one speculating; while winged birds were hovering over the surface of the ocean, whispering some secret surely of chance or change.

Regretfully Reine turned away as the cannon boomed out the hour of sunset, from the mystic teaching of sky and sea and bird, to the prose of food, furniture and intercourse.

Suddenly Tartan rushed back from a long run on ahead, and deposited in wild excitement something small and gleaming at the feet of his mistress.

Stooping down Reine picked it up, and found it to be a regimental button; she looked at it curiously.

Somehow the button interested her.

It seemed as it lay in her soft white hand (for Reine had taken off her gloves to examine it more carefully) to appeal to her strangely.

It was a bright button; it looked like a new one.

Reine soon found herself speculating over it.

To whom does it belong? Has it seen much or any service?

She even sat down on a stone to examine it yet more carefully.

"I believe it's an officer's button," she thought. "I wonder when he will miss it? He must have lost it to-day: it would hardly look so bright if it had been long lying about on this common. The 9— were practising this morning.

"Come, Tartan, this is the only trophy of our going round, in which I feel, somehow, particularly interested. You have found it, I will keep it; what do you say to this arrangement?"

Tartan looked up, as only Tartan could, the philosophy of a hundred ages in his deep clear eyes, then barked three approvals, and, with the button in her hand, Reine returned to the Queen's Hotel.

Mrs. Crawshay was sitting at the open window watching the approach of Reine.

Impossible not to admire this stately girl!

But for the demi-god in perspective Mrs. Crawshay's chaperonings would be over, and some rest and happy folding of hands; if only Reine would be like other girls, and believe that in the flow of years the ordinary and the extraordinary would come down to the same level.

But Reine had no arithmetic.

"Mamma, I've found a treasure," said Reine.

"Is it a demi-god?" said Mrs. Crawshay, ringing the bell.

"Perhaps it belongs to one," said Reine, smiling.

Mrs. Crawshay glanced at the button, carelessly, and said—

"Rubbish! throw it away."

But Reine slipped it into her purse, and murmured something about being attached to it.

Whereupon Mrs. Crawshay shrugged her shoulders and thought—

"She will end in comedy, not drama; where does she get her high-flown ways? Not from her father, and most assuredly not from me."

The next day was Sunday, and Mrs. and Miss Crawshay went to the Garrison Chapel at Portsmouth.

"Such nice music; and entrance by the private door; and such a brilliant staff, and such a good preacher! All this I have heard from Mrs. Twemlow," said Mrs. Crawshay as she climbed the ramparts which lead to the glorious old chapel which was once a hospital, and now with its battered flags from end to end of its beautiful aisles is one of the most interesting objects of that borough.

Regiment after regiment was played in, and Mrs. and Miss Crawshay, sitting just behind the officers on parade, felt peculiarly interested in the service, which was altogether unique.

In the corner of the long pew in front of Miss Crawshay sat an officer in the uniform of the 9— Highlanders.

He was distinguished looking.

The head of an Apollo in one of the Roman galleries would obtrude itself, and all the langor of a day spent not long ago amidst those wonders of the world, mingled with Reine's devotions as she caught the untranslatable charm of the physical beauty of form.

In Italy form greets you at every turn: in England it is associated with race; and Miss Crawshay, perhaps because race is of no account in the States, valued generations exceedingly.

Mr. Bevis and Mr. Fortescue had distressing hands and feet; their entrances and exits betrayed them.

As they moved about in the gilded saloons to which their wealth had introduced them, you failed to discern their generations behind them, the shadowy forms of wigged gallants and hooped ladies, the refinement handed down as an indestructible heir-loom through the rolling centuries.

No money could compensate in Miss Crawshay's eyes, for these subtle yet charming matters of detail, which consciously or unconsciously make or mar the music of a life.

Like harmony in color, was this harmony of manner and movement to Renie Crawshay.

She felt she might drive by the side of Mr. Bevis or Mr. Fortescue in a golden coach, but she would be conscious of these details; and consciousness of any kind will not lend itself to the state of going, going, going in which she had declared she wished to find herself.

The service proceeded, and Renie noticed that the officer who sat in the corner of the pew handed a hymn-book to a soldier in a chair at his side.

Mingling with her devotions was the thought that this distinguished individual had, perchance, a kind heart, and the accompaniment to l'air noble Miss Crawshay felt to be a matter of no small importance.

The sermon commenced, and the officer's left shoulder vanished and his right came prominently into view, as he prepared to listen, with his head resting on his hand, to the words of the preacher.

Miss Crawshay suddenly gave a little start.

Yes, he had lost a button; there were two on his right shoulder, and there should be three; there were three on his left shoulder.

Undeniably he had lost a button, and as the buttons corresponded with the one in her possession, she felt sure that it was his button.

She commenced to feel more interested in "the button."

The sermon ended, the organ pealed out a grand march, and the officers moved off to join their respective companies outside of the Chapel.

Mrs. and Miss Crawshay, after watching the various detachments march past to their respective bands, returned to the Queen's Hotel.

On the next day Miss Crawshay took "the button" to a jeweler, and had it arranged as a stud for her collar; and when Mrs. Crawshay noticed it, she merely said, "I'm attached to it."

"Mr. Bevis or Mr. Fortescue would give you 'ropes of pearls,' Reine, and yet you will wear an old button picked up on a floating bog."

"It was Tartan's present to me, mamma, and Tartan is so sensitive."

Mrs. Crawshay once more said "Rubbish!"

* * * * * *

On the Wednesday following, the band of the R. M. A. was to play at the E—— Barracks, and gay little Mrs. Twemlow came flying into the Crawshays' sitting-room to drag them hither.

"Such a splendid band, Reine. Everybody goes, and you must come. Now, make haste; put on your most æsthetical costume, and let us Americans show the English how to dress. I assure you somebody said I was a cat"—(Mrs. Twemlow affected a stammering lisp when it suited her)—"because I said the English aristocracy would marry into American families more than ever now that there is so much intercourse between the nations, and I was called a cat again. Was it not very exasperating?"

"Very," said Reine, laughing. "I suppose I may take the boys?"

"The boys! What boys?" said Mrs. Twemlow, aghast.

"Why Tartan and Tootles."

"Not if I'm coming," said Mrs. Twemlow, fixing her pince-nez. "Don't you know that I'm a cat?"

Mrs. Twemlow's vivacity in no way diminished when they reached the barracks. She drew her chair close to Reine's and commenced a running commentary on everybody.

She was un peu moqueuse, but never ill-natured; and Reine, as she sat in the drowsy light of the waning summer, felt half amused and half disdainful of the prattle at her ear.

Rags of rosy clouds were travelling westwards, the sea had fallen asleep to its own music, a bowed figure in a boat might have been telling his beads; the scene shifted. Reine was back in Rome, she was watching the sun set from a grand old palace which had a garden sloping to the Tiber, the scent of orange trees and cypress, the shade of palms was about her; Mrs. Twemlow's prattle became less and less distinct, and Reine's "Burne-Jones" expression more intense.

"A cat may look at a king, Reine—did you ever hear that proverb? There is a calm dignity about it, savoring of Plato, the only man who has ever seen two sides to everything."

"Heard what?" said Reine, turning her eyes in leisurely fashion from those hurrying western clouds to the contemplation of the last thing in bonnets which crowned Mrs. Twemlow.

"About the cat and the king," said Mrs. Twemlow. "But seriously, in practical England we hear of catches; now in America we are far too simple a folk to know the meaning of such terms. However, if you want to explain anything, show it demonstratively. Here comes a catch; the despair of chaperons. He possesses those worldly surroundings women are supposed to covet: estates in England and Scotland, and a title in prospect; but oh, a mind which as yet retains the indifferentism of a Socrates as regards marrying, for he declares whether he marry or not he will repent it. And when a man takes to philosophy you may reckon him as lost amongst the transcendentals. However, a cat may look at a king, and as I'm the cat par excellence, I shall avail myself of my feline privileges, and in a few minutes—for I see he is making his way towards us—I will introduce him to the Florentine American, as you are termed in Southsea. Sarah is with him. Sarah is his aid-de-camp."

"What do you mean?" said Reine.

"What do I mean, Miss Crawshay? Sarah is a sub in the same regiment as Captain Greville, and I think it must be because he is so round and rosy that he is honored with the distinguished friendship of our military philosopher."

After this, Reine did glance towards the spot from whence the Alsatian shoulders were slowly approaching, and recognised, in muff, the owner of "the button."

Mrs. Twemlow speedily made Captain Greville known to Miss Crawshay, whose hand he noticed, as she inclined her head, sought her collar hurriedly, and even nervously, in a faint endeavor to hide the hapless button under the white lace muffler which she had just tossed about her white throat.

"Let me help you, Reine; you are cold," said Mrs. Twemlow, kindly, "the lace has caught somewhere. But what is this? An officer's button worn as a stud! A novel idea."

Captain Greville saw Miss Crawshay crimson, and wondered; and wondering, speculated; and speculating, became convinced that there was a romance attached to the button, and then fell to envying the object of the romance.

The "Burne-Jones" face and the Greek form had not escaped the critical eyes of Captain Greville, even though he was immersed in transcendental philosophies.

"Tell us all about the button, Reine," said Mrs. Twemlow, mischievously. "Captain Greville is quite as curious as I am, only he is not a Yankee."

"Not so fortunate," said Captain Greville.

Mrs. Crawshay here broke in.

"Imagine Reine wearing such rubbish! She picked it up on the common, and has taken a romantic fancy to it; but nobody can account for Reine's predilections."

Captain Greville looked down, his chin resting on his hands as they clasped his stick; here was a clue to the romantic acrostic.

Mrs. Twemlow talked in vain both to him and at him, his replies were vague and absent.

Soon after, he bade the ladies adieu, and left them.

"I don't think him a king any longer," said Mrs. Twemlow, as she watched his retreating figure; "and I think a cat would hardly care to look at him. Sarah seemed quite crushed by the indifferentism of his chief. I shall not fail to ask Sarah the raison d'etre."

"A man who looks at his boots is no good at all," said Mrs. Crawshay, thoughtfully.

She thought it extremely droll that anybody should be absorbed in the contemplation of their boots when a "Burne-Jones" face was beside them; Yankee eyes were more appreciative.

* * * * * *

Several days passed and Reine saw nothing further of the owner of the button; but one afternoon a servant left a small parcel for Miss Crawshay, and, on opening it, Reine found the fac-simile of her button wrought in gold, flashing with diamonds, and arranged as a collar stud.

An exquisite smile curled Reine's red lips.

Captain Greville had not only discovered the loss of his button, but the owner of it.

"Do you think Mr. Bevis or Mr. Fortescue could have been so original, mamma?" said Reine, as she tapped significantly the new stud which she had not hesitated to place in her collar. "Ah! I'm very much afraid that, like Miss Buchanan, I'm going, going, going."

Mrs. Crawshay murmured something about going to New Orleans next week; she dreaded the impending drama.

"What about the mud," said Mrs. Twemlow later on, as she held a cup of translucent china in her slim white hand, and sipped souchong.

"Of course I know who sent it—the despair of chaperons. Widows are supposed to be dangerous; if they are, 'tis because they are confident, and confidence robs itself in some sort of power. But Captain Greville has failed to see my attractions—I conclude he has found some in you."

"Perhaps so," said Reine.

"He would not Reine, unless you were altogether out-of-the-way; I suppose you are altogether out-of-the-way. I know your tea-gowns are. Yes, I guess he thinks so."

"Perhaps so," Reine repeated.

"She is so indifferent, is she not?" continued Mrs. Twemlow, addressing herself to Mrs. Crawshay.

"Indifferent to poor Mr. Bevis and Mr. Fortescue," said Mrs. Crawshay. "These men will be presidents some day."

"Don't telescope them," said Mrs. Twemlow.

Reine laughed, and Mrs. Crawshay joined

in, though she failed to catch the full flavor of Mrs. Twemlow's joke.

"If duplicate individuals could be telescoped, they would be less untidy," continued Mrs. Twemlow. "A friend of mine has ten daughters; now supposing they could be doubled up like a telescope, what a blessing it would be. There are eight thousand more women than men in the parish in which I remember. Let me examine the stud."

"I would rather not," said Reine, laughing.

"Why?"

"Examinations are the destroyers of luxuriant fancy. I detest microscopes."

"Captain Greville knows how to design. Reine, do you think philosophy will prove stronger than love?"

"Love should prove stronger than philosophy. But is Captain Greville in love?" said Reine.

"Mrs. Crawshay, I protest. 'Tis a pity your daughter will not marry a future president; she would be inimitable in New York."

"It has been my dearest hope," said Mrs. Crawshay.

"Statuary destroyed my eye for form," said Reine. "You should have avoided Rome, mamma."

"I suppose you have noticed the setting of Captain Greville's head, Reine?" said Mrs. Twemlow.

"I should have failed to profit by my artistic studies had I not."

Mrs. Twemlow sipped tea and was silent; then said:

"Some ladies said I was a cat; were they right?"

"As much right as wrong, I expect," said Reine, carelessly. "Balance is everything."

"There are moments when it is difficult to maintain one's balance. I suppose, Reine, you never lose yours?"

Reine's hand sought the back of head.

"I perceive," said Mrs. Twemlow. "Mortality lurks in that direction! Mrs. Crawshay, from every point of view, I think Reine ought to be the future president's wife! she has no confusion of sentiment, knows nothing of dalliance, that idle pastime which eats into our vitals, and, alas, corrupts us. I often think the birds are wiser than we, for each year they build in the same trees, and are faithful to the same spot."

Then Mrs. Twemlow glanced remorsefully at her wedding-ring, and even sighed. Captain Twemlow was a memory, and she had to shake herself into faithfulness to that memory.

The reflection, like the sigh, was spasmodic.

That over, she took up the translucent china cup once more, and this time fell to examining it with the eye of a connoisseur, and glided into art talk from old china to lacquer.

Then, before leaving, she caught Reine's hand's, and said: "We must go to the band to-morrow, for if you are to return to New Orleans next week, time is short; there is only one thing shorter, and that is——" but with a wave of her hand and a flash from her eyes, she was gone with her sentence incomplete.

* * * * * *

Captain Greville found himself about an hour too soon at the E—— Barracks the following day.

As he paced up and down the parade ground, he repeated to himself his revised opinion with regard to Socrates; he was now a misanthropical fellow, and he should not follow his advice; for did he, Captain Greville, take a wife, he should not repent it.

"My dear Reine, the Grand Prix is here, and absolutely without Sarah," said Mrs. Twemlow, who had fidgeted the Crawshays to E—— also long before the band commenced.

Captain Greville's steel-grey eyes at once sought "the button."

Yes, there it was, with no impeding muffler to hide the flash of diamond or the gleam of gold. He flushed red under his bronzed skin, and certainly held Reine's hand one second longer than Mrs. Twemlow's. He began to understand something Socrates did not—the ecstasies of human affection.

Mrs. Twemlow suddenly found Mrs. Crawshay a very interesting companion; so interesting that she could but lend herself to the illumination that lady cast on storms and tempests both predicted and fulfilled.

She even sympathised over the horrors of the mal de mer, and joined in a woeful examination of Mrs. Crawshay's stout little members, as, pointing oracularly at them, Mrs. Crawshay declared that she, for one, trusted implicitly to no other form of conveyance.

Nay, Mrs. Twemlow went further in self-immolation, for she said: "I think they have 'gone round' so successfully that you should let them rest a little in this borough."

Meanwhile, Reine was listening to words which seemed for the first time to be vascular and alive; words to which a thousand hitherto unawakened pulses were beating. Captain Greville's phrases clothed themselves in a thousand forms. He was subtle, simple, passionate, without ceremony and yet full of the most delicate ceremony, and this at the touch of what was undecipherable.

"Tartan found 'the button,' did he?" at last he said: and some of the passion of his glance absolutely fell on the grizzly coat of the skye. "Tartan shall no more go to New Orleans than his mistress shall go. If this style of courtship does not suit you, I can but try another; but though I try ten thousand styles, remember I shall use the same text. Buonaparte said the Austrians don't know the value of time: I do know its value. You must never go to New Orleans."

Reine had demanded a bewildering demi-god.

The bewildering demi-god had come at her bidding, and the demi-god gave her no time to make answer, for he swept her along on the mad current of these living, breathing words, which were intoxicating her senses like the fragrance of ground sown with the pale rare beauty of the Daturas flower.

"You see, it is, it must be destiny," he exclaimed vehemently. "If Tartan had not found my button, there would have been no link between us; but——" (and here he laughed, half anxiously, half gladly, wholly self-forgetfully)—"I see a—great deal in this simple circumstance; and for Tartan's sake"—(the distinguished Captain Greville was brought very low)—"you will not say Nay to the owner of the button?"

Miss Crawshay, regardless of her aesthetical costume, caught Tartan up, and whispered in happy confusion in his feathered ear:

"We never could say Nay to a demi-god, could we, Tartan?"

My Father's Clerk.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

"It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose,
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows."

ONLY it was to him, and ...o, to her, that I gave the rose.

Perhaps I was a little bit romantic.

At any rate, I had read a great many stories about the influence of girls and women in helping people to rise, and I was full of a longing to do something for somebody.

So one morning, when my father's errand-boy came up with a message from the book-keeper, and had to wait in the hall while papa wrote a letter, I wondered if there was not the somebody to whom I could speak a word in season, as it said in the story-books.

Perhaps if the boy himself had been less interesting, I should have been less inclined to try my little experiment.

But he was the manliest, handsomest boy of fourteen that you can imagine—large of his age, and with bright, fearless black eyes, and thick, dark hair, curling a little about his honest young face.

Indeed, as I look back, he seems to me a boy pretty sure to have made his own way in the world without any special incentive from any one.

Who, and what was I, at that time, do you ask? Oh, I was Hester Grey.

My mother was dead, and my grandmother brought me up, which was the reason, perhaps, that I had more liberty and more indulgences than most girls of my age.

I think I must have been rather a pretty girl of twelve, for I have been told since that I looked like an angel to the astonished eyes of Philip Payson, my father's errand boy aforesaid, when he came into the hall where I stood waiting.

I remember I wore a bright blue gown, and I suppose it must have been becoming to a complexion such as mine was then, all lilies and roses.

My hair was of true Saxon gold, and my eyes were blue as a blue flower.

I busied myself a little among a stand of plants which filled one end of the hall, while I watched Philip from under my lashes, and wondered if this might not be my opportunity to give, like the girls in the story-books, to a human life a new impetus, to encourage one of my fellow-creatures to be nobler than he would have been without me.

The longer I reflected, watching meanwhile the handsome, fearless face of the boy, the more sure I felt that my time had come.

I broke from a rose-bush beside which I was standing the perfect, exquisite, just-opening bud of a rose, and with it between my fingers, I went towards Philip.

How many thousand times since I have laughed and blushed to remember that moment's audacity, and high mightiness of my manner, as I said—

"Will you have this rose?"

His fingers closed on it eagerly, but it was to be a rose with no thorn of a moral attached.

I said, just as I fancied some sweet Angelica in a three-volume novel would have said—

"Ladies give roses to gentlemen; you must be a gentleman."

I know I was ridiculous, and he ought to have laughed at me, but he took the whole thing as seriously as I did, and asked briefly—

"What do you mean by a gentleman? Money?"

I was a little puzzled, he took me so by surprise.

"Yes, I suppose so," I replied. "No, not that so much, but knowing a good deal, and—I don't quite know how to tell you; but my father is a gentleman, and I suppose he would be if he did not have any money at all."

He seemed to be considering the matter very seriously for a few minutes, and then he said something quite far away, as I thought, from the topic we were discussing. He asked—

"Will you please to remember, Miss Grey, that this is the twelfth of January?"

"Certainly I will," I said, smiling upon him.

Just then a servant came and handed him the letter my father had written. He buttoned the rose carefully inside his coat, and with a bow he went away.

For a while I thought often of him.

I wondered if he had kept my rose—if it would be an inspiration to him to do his best in this world, as indeed it ought to be, if there were anything in romance.

But by summer I had ceased to think about him at all.

I was at the sea-side, and bathing, rowing, and driving filled up my days.

My grandmother even let me watch the dancers at the hotel balls in the evening, and sometimes some kind-hearted soul gave me a turn or two of waltzing myself.

I had not much time to wonder whether Philip was trying to become a gentleman.

Then came autumn, and my school, and I don't think I had so much as remembered the existence of the boy for months, until on New Year's Day, my father recalled him to my mind by something he said in my presence to my grandmother, to whom he was explaining certain changes in his business.

"I have given that boy of mine, Philip Payson, a clerkship," he remarked. "He's the best boy I ever had—honest and faithful. He always works as if he had some strong motive; yet he is not particularly needy. His father is a mechanic, making comfortable wages, and there is no special occasion for Philip to help anybody but himself. He couldn't push ahead more resolutely, though, if he had a whole family depending on him."

I felt myself blushing; but no one noticed me. No one knew that I had ever so much as seen the boy they were talking about.

I wondered secretly if, indeed, my rose, had inspired him to try and make the most of himself.

I was thirteen now, and Philip must be fifteen—a young clerk, but not too young if he was making himself as useful as my father said.

The twelfth of January there came for me a great, glorious bunch of roses.

No donor's name accompanied them—only a card, with my address, and in a corner just the words "January Twelfth."

Poor, dear grandma exhausted herself in conjectures as to who could have sent the lovely offering, but I kept my own secret.

Another New Year, and I heard of another improvement in Philip Payson's fortunes.

My father had raised him a step higher, and was more eloquent than ever in his praise.

Another twelfth of January, and a bunch of roses came to me, with precisely the same inscription on the accompanying card as before. I was fourteen then, and this secret romance had a real charm for me.

But years passed on, and I never saw Philip Payson, and the memory of the little episode that linked us together, grew very faint.

Indeed, nothing kept it alive save the roses that never failed to find me on the twelfth of January.

And even these became an old story, and I forgot to please myself, as I had done at first, with the thought of a youth struggling to conquer fate because I had bidden him do so.

No doubt he was a worthy fellow, whose soul was all in my father's business, where I knew that he was rising rapidly.

For myself I had other interests.

At seventeen I began to go into society.

Of course, I was altogether too young, but I coaxed my grandmother, and she let me give a great party, at which my dress was pronounced faultless.

What I heard about my beauty I need not tell you, but I think in those days my foolish head was half turned by compliments.

I was in a very fair way to become a vain, selfish girl, substituting a poor ambition for social success, in place of the unselfish longing to be the inspiration of other lives which had been the desire of my girlhood.

But every twelfth of January came still the bunch of roses, and sometimes they seemed to me as if they had been gathered in some dear old garden of memory, where I hardly dared to walk any more.

When I was nineteen I had not yet been in love, though I had had suitors enough, as was natural when you remember that I was the only daughter and heiress of a rich man, and with a not inconsiderable reputation for beauty.

About that time I began to take a little more than accustomed interest in one of the men I met in society. He, too, was young, and belonged to a rich family.

He was handsome, he waltzed "like an angel," the girls said who danced with him.

This Harold Livingston possessed all the charms of all the heroes of my favorite novels.

No doubt he was too much in love with himself ever to be much in love with anyone else, too indolent to strive, to helpless to attain, but he was what society has agreed to consider a model gentleman.

And he was as handsome as an Apollo, which was a fair enough excuse for his own worship of himself.

I really thought I cared for him a good deal.

Sometimes I wrote "Hester Livingston" very shyly on some little bit of paper to see how it would look, and then tore it up with flaming cheeks.

He took his own time about proposing, but finally it came in a conservatory after a gay waltz together.

The occasion was well chosen—the distant music stole softly on our ears, the lights burned low, the flowers breathed out their sweetness till the midnight air was heavy with it.

My admirer looked divinely handsome.

I don't remember in what words he asked me to be his wife, but I presume they were well chosen, also.

I should have been certain, before he spoke, that I should have accepted him instantly.

But after he had spoken, I sat strangely silent.

A voice, quite outside myself, seemed to ask me—

"Do you love this man—this man, himself, and not anything that surrounds him? Would you love him if he stood alone, with nothing but his own manhood?"

"How do I know?" I answered to this questioning voice. "I have not seen him tried. I don't know what his quality of manhood is."

"Wait, then," said the voice. "Wait and be sure."

And like a child I obeyed.

I said, very firmly—

"You must give me time, if you think I am worth waiting for. I scarcely know more of you than that you are a good dance-partner. Marriage is for always; and if we should make a mistake, it would be as bad for you as for me."

My manner seemed to impress him singularly.

He did not entreat me any further.

He only said—

"I will wait three months, and then I will ask you again."

I was too full of unrest to care to remain longer at the ball. I went home and saw a bright light burning in my father's private sitting-room.

Something unusual must be keeping him up so late.

I opened his door, and stood there.

I was told afterwards, "like a radiant vision."

I was all in white—a shimmering, lustrous silk, with draperies of cobweb lace, and with pearls in my ears, and at my throat and wrists.

In an instant I saw that my father was not alone.

And I was about to close the door and retire when he called me.

Some very strong emotion possessed him, evidently.

His face wore a look such as I had never seen on it before.

I was almost frightened.

He waved his hand towards his companion.

"Hester, this is Philip Payson. My child, but for him I should be a ruined man this night. Do you know what that would mean for you—the loss of all the graces and elegances of your life; the downfall of all your hopes; an utter change in everything that surrounds you? For me it would mean something yet worse—not only to see you and your grandmother suffer privations and humiliations from which I could not save you, but to hear that men should question my own commercial integrity, should look on me with suspicion, to see the strong mercantile house I had founded go down. Child, I think I could not bear it and live. From all this Philip Payson has saved us. He has detected the system of fraud which was undermining my credit. He has forestalled my partner's intention to escape with nearly all the available funds which remained to us. This young man, Hester, barely twenty-one now, has saved you and me. Thank him."

I did not speak—the thanks I sought to utter choked me.

I only put out my hand and Philip Payson took it, and for one moment held it close. This, then, was manhood.

Here was the quality about which there could be no question.

How small and poor they all seemed—those men I had left there, in the spacious house where the dancing was going on—those men with their dainty gloves, and their well-cut coats, and flowers at their button-holes.

Even then I realized how handsome was my father's clerk—stalwart of build, with the same dark, bright, honest eyes I remembered in the boy, the same thickly clustering black hair.

I was destined to see a good deal of him during the next two months.

There was much business which had to be brought home in the summer evenings, and for which my father invariably required his aid.

Often he came to dinner; and often, after an hour or two's hard work in the study, my father would bring him to the drawing-room for another hour; so that I grew well acquainted with him, and found that he had read and thought to a degree that put my petty, school-girl acquisitions to shame.

In every direction he had compelled me to honor him.

The first of January my father said, as he left the house—

"Young Payson will come home to dine with me to-night. I have given him a partnership in my business. He will have a position, henceforth, which entitles him to be a guest in any house, or to seek the hand of any man's daughter."

I pondered much on these words. Were they meant as a hint for me?

Could it be that Payson had worn my memory all these years like a rose—that he had striven for me, and that he had told my father so?

But no, this were a romance too romantic for any sensible girl to dream over. And yet I wondered and wondered.

Oddly enough, I had almost forgotten that young Livingston's three months, which he was to wait for my answer, were passing rapidly.

I met him frequently in society, but the truth was the impression he produced on my mind had so little vitality in it that I scarcely thought of him when he was out of sight.

With the morning of the twelfth of January came my accustomed bunch of roses.

That night my father's new partner was coming again to dinner.

I put on a blue silk of the same shade as the blue gown which I happened to remember I had worn on that other twelfth of January, seven years before.

Surely he must remember it all as well as I did.

Yet he had never spoken of it to me.

Only my annual bunch of roses had never once failed me.

I took some of the sweet blossoms I had received that morning and fastened them in my hair and on my bosom.

I looked in the glass with some anxiety, but I saw no cause of quarrel with the face that looked at me out of my mirror.

Dinner came, and I went through it mechanically.

I was asking myself one question all the time—would Philip Payson allude to that old time when I had seen him first, or would he not?

When dinner was over, he walked with me into the hall, and on towards the end window, where the flowers still stood as of old.

"Do you remember?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes. And you?"

"Have you forgotten? All that I am you made me. I have served for you as faithfully as Jacob did for Rachael. "Dear will you give me one rose from your bosom? But, remember, if you give it, I shall take it as the earnest that you will also some day give me yourself."

I did not hesitate a moment now.

No voice from outside questioned me.

Heart, mind, and soul, all answered him at once.

I took out a rose, and held it an instant to my lips; then I laid it softly on his hand.

The gift he brought me the next day was a locket set with diamonds.

Touching a spring, it revealed a faded souvenir rose.

"I give you this," he said, "because it is a talisman. Up to last night it was the most precious thing I had in the world."

What became of Harold Livingston?

Oh, my engagement to my father's partner was announced before his three months were over, and he never came for his answer.

The Gipsy's Prediction.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

EZRA ALDEN was in love with Clara Scudder; and, sometimes, in moments of great exultation—for he was a modest youth, as every true lover should be—he had dared to think that she did not frown upon his passion.

But Clara was the squire's daughter, and an heiress, while Ezra was but a small farmer, and so far from successful in that pursuit, that it seemed absurd, as well as impossible, that he should aspire to the hand of the lovely Miss Scudder, who had been courted in vain by fine London gentlemen.

So he had sighed and cast longing looks from his place in the choir (where he sang in a fine tenor voice on Sundays) into the squire's pew; and more than once he thought pretty Clara blushed brightly, and he knew well enough that she always smiled sweetly, and her voice, when she spoke to him, had a caressing sound, and altogether her manner towards him was not discouraged. But Ezra would not be encouraged.

He felt it was useless for him to ask the squire for his daughter's hand unless he had a good pot of money in his own hand with which to back his proposal.

So, instead of trying to compass the desired end by increased industry, he neglected his little farm more than before, and spent his whole time in wishing that he could find a pot of money somehow, in the manner of old-fashioned stories—at the foot of a tree; under the foundation of his house.

I believe he would even have sought for it at the end of the rainbow, for he was in the misery [illegible] that he could find there was good chance of finding it there.

Suddenly a rumor spread around that a wonderful gipsy had arrived, who was to [illegible] people's questions at one [illegible] on the subject.

She was of somewhat exclusive character, this madam gipsy, and could only be consulted in a certain place, in the shadow of a wych-elm, in the open air, and during certain hours—these hours being between the last rays of the declining sun, and the first shadows of coming night.

Of course the rumor of the gipsy's marvellous fortune-telling reached Ezra Alden, and equally, of course, he was much exercised in mind concerning it.

He found out the place where the fortune-teller divined these fair fortunes.

One evening, after watching the sun slowly disappear behind the western hills, he repaired thither, stealthily, and a little afraid of meeting Clara Scudder somewhere in the vicinity, for the wych-elm was just on the further side of the squire's park.

However, he met no one, except a hurried squirrel, fast speeding to its home, and it was even more scared at being met than he was, so he hastened to the wych-elm, and there, sure enough, was madam gipsy, sitting curled up against the trunk, and looking precisely as if she were waiting for him.

She was a very old woman, bent almost double.

Her lined and wrinkled face was the color of butternut, and the tangles of her hair hung in elf-like grizzled locks about her brow, and over her cheeks.

But her black eyes had a wonderful brilliancy and such a keen look that they seemed to see right through him.

She was wrapped in a tattered old scarlet cloak, and a hood of the same was drawn well over her head.

She gave a quick nod to Ezra, and motioned him to take a seat at her feet, which he did with his heart thumping as if he were before the Delphic oracle.

And when she spoke, he had to bend his head and listen very attentively, for not only did she mutter her words in a very toothless fashion, but she spoke in so low a tone that he had some difficulty in hearing her.

But he made out what she said—

"I was expecting you, my son, and I know what you come for."

And then she held out a hand even more brown than her face—a shaking tremulous hand.

Then Ezra made haste to cross the palm with silver, that being, as he well knew, the time-honored custom.

Ezra had in his pocket a half-crown piece, with a hole in it, and a cross drawn on its face, which he had kept many years for luck.

So, as there could be no more auspicious occasion than the present for using it, he timidly placed it in the gipsy's hand, and again bent his ear attentively to listen to her unintelligible mumbling.

"I know the desire of your heart, my pretty gentleman," said the gipsy. "It is a certain maiden, not a hundred miles away. only you have the faint heart that seldom wins a fair lady. But if you could find a pot of money, your spirit would be bolder. Listen to me, and obey me, and you shall have your wish.

Ezra did listen, with all his ears, and as you may suppose, they were just then pretty long and wide, and capable of taking in a large amount.

"You must dig up every foot of land you possess," proceeded the gipsy; "you must not grow weary in your search—you must dig and dig, continuously, and plant and harvest, and dig again, if necessary; and, mark my words, sooner or later, you will find the pot of money, and the maiden will be yours."

Ezra listened with faith, and departed with joy in his heart.

He fulfilled the fortune-teller's injunctions so well, that all the countryside took to talking of him after the gipsy disappeared. He not only dug, but he plowed, sowed and harrowed.

He seemed taken with a sudden mania for farming, and work, which before had been distasteful and monotonous, now that he had an object in view, was full of excitement and interest.

At first he dug and dug, looking for his pot of money; but as it did not turn up, he continued to dig, full of faith, and growing every day more and more interested in his own efforts.

"What on earth has got into Ezra Alden?" asked the neighbors, one of another. "Why, he has taken to working like one possessed. He's hired a man, too, and the pair of 'em are at it from the first dawn of [illegible]."

"Whatever has got into him, he's going to have the best crops of the year," answered one. "Lucky man. Just when there's going to be a rise in flour, too, and he has no end of wheat growing, and in splendid condition."

"Why, Clara, isn't that Ezra Alden's farm?" asked the squire, as his daughter one day drove him past it, in her pretty pony carriage.

"Yes, sir," returned Clara, with a faint pink stealing into her cheek.

"Has someone else farmed it, then?" asked the squire. "There isn't another farm around here fit to compare with it."

The pink in Clara's cheek deepened to a lovely crimson.

"Oh, no, papa," she said, softly; "it seems Ezra—Mr. Alden, has just developed a talent for farming."

"And a first-rate talent, I should say," returned the old gentleman. "A man who can grow such a farm as that can hold his head as high as anyone."

Clara's eyes glowed and sparkled. She touched her ponies lightly.

Her happy thoughts rushed off into the future at a pace to rival even their fast trot.

As the neighbors had foretold, Ezra Alden had particularly fine crops that season. His success at farming having also developed his commercial ability, he sold all that he had to sell to excellent advantage.

"Well," said Ezra, as he counted up his gains, and tied them securely in his money-bag, "I haven't found my pot of money; but this little pile is not to be despised, and I shall keep on. By George! I wonder if this is what the old gipsy meant."

Ezra had some time on his hands now for dreaming.

He took to sighing for Clara once more, but in a much more hopeful spirit.

"I will speak to her father," he thought, "and if he gives me encouragement, I will ask Clara if she will marry me."

Now some young men would have thought it safer to win the daughter's consent first; but Ezra was too honorable for that.

"If the squire won't have me," he said to himself, "I know Clara will [illegible] would never disobey her father. I shouldn't care half as much [illegible]."

So he took his money-bag [illegible] and sought the presence of Squire Scudder.

The squire sat reading a volume in his handsome, old-fashioned parlor.

Being in a very genial mood, he received Ezra with the most encouraging kindness, and listened to all he had to say with a benignant smile.

"It is not a great deal," concluded Ezra, holding up his money-bag, "but there's plenty more where I found this, sir."

"And, pray, where did you find it, Mr. Alden?" asked the squire, rather taken aback.

"At the roots of my wheat and barley," answered Ezra, adding, with a laugh—"to tell the truth, sir, I consulted a fortune-teller, and she told me to dig and dig, and I would certainly find a pot of money. I haven't found it yet, but I intend to keep on digging, and I don't doubt but I shall find it by-and-by."

Squire Scudder burst into a hearty laugh, and kindly patted Ezra on the shoulder.

"I don't doubt but you will, my lad," he said, cheerily. "Honest industry is the best pot of money any young man ever found. As for Clara, you can talk over that matter with herself—she's sitting there by the window, hidden behind the curtains."

Now that was dreadfully mean of the squire, not to have given Ezra a hint of Clara's presence before; but he didn't mean it.

It seems quite impossible for these old gentlemen to realize how serious such matters are to boys and girls.

Squire Scudder rose with a nod and a smile, and went away, leaving Ezra in dire confusion, staring at the window curtains; and wishing the floor would open and swallow him.

But it didn't.

Instead, the window curtains opened and a lovely young lady stepped out from them.

"So, Mr. Alden," she said, coming forward, "you consulted the gipsy fortune teller, too?"

"Oh, Miss Scudder—Clara—you have heard everything," stammered Ezra, sinking into the chair from which he had risen in his first consternation. "What a terrible fool you must think me."

"But I don't—I have great confidence in that gipsy's predictions."

"Then you consulted her, too?" asked Ezra.

"Dozens of times—she positively had all my small silver."

"Well, she got but a single piece from me, that's some comfort," said Ezra, recovering somewhat, and venturing to laugh slightly.

"Was it anything like this?" asked Miss Scudder, producing out from her pocket, and holding it towards Ezra on the palm of a [illegible] white hand.

Ezra looked and started, and gave a little cry.

It was his own lucky silver piece.

He glanced into the laughing, blushing face; and then for the first time he looked straight into Clara Scudder's eyes.

They were very, very dark, and wonderfully brilliant; but this time they did not seem to look through him—they sank before his glance, and veiled themselves under lovely, long black lashes.

"Oh, Clara," murmured Ezra, "you were the gipsy?"

"Of course I was."

"And you knew I loved you all the time?"

"Of course I did, you foolish fellow—that's why I had to invent a way of telling you so."

In a year Ezra and Clara were married.

CURIOUS LOCKS AND KEYS.—In the middle ages locks for church and cathedral doors were often rare specimens of art metal work. Elaborate scrolls, the images of saints and other ambitious efforts of the true artisan of those days, entered into the design of locks, which were really an ornament to the magnificent doors and cabinets of those times.

A [illegible] surrounding the keyhole [illegible], but the figures of two [illegible] with outspread wings. Locks [illegible] construction, known as "Apostle locks," were also common in the [illegible] times.

These [illegible] on the front the figures of one of the Apostles, and on touching the hand of the figure [illegible].

In the reign of [illegible] Mark Noble, [illegible] possessed [illegible] of seven pierced iron, steel and brass, all of which, with a pick-key, were [illegible] ten guineas of gold.

The great inventor, the Marquis of Worcester, who flourished in the reign of King Charles I., devised a lock containing a steel barb, which was perfectly harmless so long as the right key was used, but if a wrong key were inserted the barb sprang through the keyhole and "caught the hand of the intruder as a trap catches a fox." It is said that while the inventor was experimenting with this curious lock he was scarcely nimble enough in removing his hand, and was caught in his own trap.

At Willenhall, in Staffordshire, which is a great seat of the lock trade, silver padlocks the sides of which are much smaller than a threepenny piece are still made, and are quite perfect in their mechanism.

Locks containing single bells, and even chimes, which sound an alarm when tampered with by a false key, are among the modern curiosities of the trade.

Common padlocks are largely made for the natives of India and Africa at Walsall.

A lock and key complete are sold by the maker for a halfpenny, and merchants abroad state that many of the natives string these locks together so as to form necklets, and wear them as "charms."

"LOOK here," said an indignant tenant to his landlord, "there is a cat in the cistern of that house you rented to me." "Is it dead?" "It looks like it." "Then it will not disturb you any at night, so I will raise your rent on that account."

New Publications.

E. P. Roe has put the finishing touches upon his new novel, "A Young Girl's Wooing," and it will be issued within a few days by his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, who announce a first edition of 25,000 copies. There could be no better evidence of the continued popularity of the author than the fact, that 152 000 copies of the pamphlet editions, of "Barriers Burned Away" and "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," were sold on railways and news-stands with lessening the demand for the regular editions.

We have received Sniffen's "Advertisers' Reference Book" which contains "Carefully Revised Lists with Circulations, Politics, etc., of the best Daily, Weekly and Monthly Newspapers, Medical Journals, Magazines and periodicals of the United States and Canada," together with a large amount of other matter rendering it highly valuable to those who have anything to do with advertising in any way. Published by E. Duncan Sniffen, 3 Park Row, New York.

MAGAZINES.

We are in receipt of *The Season* for November. This illustrated fashion magazine for the ladies is one of the best published in this country, both in the beauty of its plates and the freshness of its general matter. Price 30 cents per number. The International News Co., New York.

Among the contents of *The Sanatarian* for October are the following: Ventilation and Warming; Infant Foods; Sewerage Systems and the Epuration of sewage by Agriculture; Sewage and Sewerage; Sanitation in England; Disposal of the Dead—Cremation vs. Inhumation; Practical Physiology in the School-Room; Ensilage for the Dairy; Sunlight in Stables; Oatmeal, Nine Days Old; Canned Foods; Acorn Bread; Position of the Women of the South; Story of Lieut. Greeley's Recovery; Vital Statistics of Immigration; Mortality Statistics in the United States; Mortality Statistics Abroad; Editor's Table; Cheese Poisoning; Summer Hotels; American public Health Association, etc., etc. Published at 113 Fulton Street, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine has the following list of contents for October: "Misgivings" full-page engravings; A Family Affair, serial; The Horse; Ancient and Modern, A most valuable article grandly illustrated with some dozen beautiful engravings; Loch Fyne, finely illustrated; [illegible] splendidly illustrated [illegible] University; The Little Schoolmaster Mark, etc. etc. Price 15 cents per number. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

St. Nicholas for October, the last number of the present volume, maintains the high standard of excellence that has marked it during the year. Among the many good things it presents are "Slang," a historical, critical, and practical paper by Lucia Gilbert Runkle; Another Indian Invasion, by Lizzie W. Champney, an article relating to the Indian children at Carlisle; the Lotus Club of Duck, by Noah Brooks, Lost on the Plains, a bright story by Joaquin Miller; The Romance of a Menagerie; an amusing Irish story entitled Lanty O'Hoolahan, Curry's Catamount, by Lucy M. Acott, Louis's Mission, the Boy King by E. S. Brooks and the conclusion of the series. Alice Brotherton and Frank Beard illustrate their own contributions, and there are contributions, literary and artistic, by Mary Hallock Foote, Margaret Vandegrift, Geo. F. Barnes, Amanda B. Harris, Culmer Barnes and many others. The Century Co. New York.

SOME QUEER FISH.—Among these we have the Angler, or Fishing Frog, in whom the three first spines of the dorsal fin are separated from the rest and elongated into long, thread-like tentacles, the front one having a lappet hanging from the end, which may be moved in all directions, so that it looks as tempting as a fish line baited with some wriggling morsel. This lappet is literally used as a bait to allure prey within reach of the Fisher's jaws, and when once there—woe betide the luckless wretch!—for the mouth extends from one side of the head to the other, and is armed above and below with long pointed teeth, that can be bent backwards to accommodate every object that glides into the mouth; but present an impassible barrier to anything that would pass out!

Another, the Pilot Fish, is a wanderer, and from his habits he may be classed as queer, but not from his appearance, which is decidedly [illegible]. He is about twelve inches long, and is the creature known as Pompilus amongst the ancients, and held sacred, because it was supposed to act as a guide to sailors in distress, and to reveal the vicinity of land by disappearing mysteriously when near the shore.

The origin of these superstitions is, that the Pilot has a curious habit of following ships and large fish, especially sharks; and we cannot wonder that strange stories have arisen to account for the fact of the fish living on [illegible] terms with so dangerous a neighbor as the Shark! The solution of this mystery doubtless lies more in the ease with which the agile little Pilot can keep out of the reach of the clumsy shark's jaws, rather than in any more romantic reason. The tie between the two can further be accounted for by the Pilot's liking to feed on the crumbs left by a shark when it tears its food to bits; as well as on the parasitic shell fish that cover the shark's own body.

MEN who usually have deep views.—Divers.

Our Young Folks.

NEAR THE POLE.

BY PIPKIN.

BECAUSE Russia lies towards the cold North some think the children there cannot have a very pleasant time.

But they have. When winter is over they run out into the first rains of the season, and laugh and dance and sing songs in their praise, as American children do when the first snow-flakes fall.

Snow is no novelty to them, but after the long hard frosts of winter, rain is, and they know it foretells the loveliest, though shortest, time of the year.

In some parts the young girls assemble on the banks of the rivers, when the ice is breaking, and joining hands, move backwards and forwards in graceful measure, entreating spring not to delay its coming: and on the first of May children and parents wander into the woods for a long stroll, and, returning, bring with them buds and green boughs and young flowers.

The Russian spring is short—so short, that in times gone by it was not classed among the seasons at all. It comes with a bound, and has scarcely time to bid the trees awake from their winter sleep, and the flowers spring up amid the meadow grass or by the banks of the brook, before it is away with a bound.

Every season has its songs.

When the children have sung in praise of spring, they welcome summer, with its hot, long days, in which in northern Russia, for a short time at least, the sun scarcely sinks below the horizon; then autumn; then winter; but the songs of autumn and winter are sad, the former grieving for the departure of the birds, the leaves, and the flowers, the latter telling of children lost in the snow, or hugged to death by the shaggy bear, or devoured by the hungry wolf.

The children of rich Russians are very much petted, their homes luxurious. The young nobles are seldom sent to school, but have tutors and governesses at home.

These tutors and governesses are natives of France, Germany, and England, and as the children hear these languages spoken from their earliest years, and are besides gifted with a more than usual share of the power of imitation, they find no difficulty in speaking foreign languages, which they generally know much better than their own.

As long as they are small the little nobles look very pretty, especially the boys, who are dressed in all manner of picturesque costumes. Their coats or dresses, of embroidered Persian silk or of velvet, or of Circassian goat or camel's hair fabrics, are bound round the waist with gorgeous sashes, in which silver three-bladed dirks are placed.

Caps and turbans of all descriptions and colors cover their curly little heads, and boots, scarlet, yellow, black, topped with red or white, and furnished with small gilt spurs, adorn their feet.

The little girls in the towns are dressed after the Paris fashions, but at their country seats they, too, take to the pretty national costumes.

Children are not children long in Russia. They soon become little gentlemen and ladies; the boys are put into grand uniforms, and enter the military schools or become imperial pages, when the principal duty of a great many consists in bowing with grace, dressing splendidly, and spending money; the girls in keeping their mothers in entertaining guests, and in looking about the empty gilt drawing rooms.

As a rule, the Russian children are kind and friendly; rather too quiet according to our ideas.

They do not indulge in fun, they do not even cuff or fight each other, and their favorite amusement is swinging.

They learn politeness and hospitality from their fathers, who think they have distinguished themselves if their bread and salt, which are placed on a silver salver on the table at the hall of every house, ready for every guest, and who, when they say "Come and take your herring with me" (equivalent to our "Come and take your bread and dinner with me"), mean it.

This politeness, though, only displays itself towards their equals; their servants and the "black people," as the lower class is called, cannot boast of much being shown them.

Formerly, when they were serfs, they were very roughly, and even cruelly, treated.

The stick was constantly used, the barbarous knout much too often, and pig and dog were the favorite expressions by which they were addressed.

The little Ivan of the present day, born to freedom, has a great chance of becoming something better than his poor father and grandfather, who had no choice of their own to speak of, but were a kind and beloved to a will of their master, and, worse than that, sent to Siberia if they rebelled.

Ivan's father has not a pretty little hut; the peasant builds it himself, and his only tool is his axe.

His cottage is made of logs of wood; the crevices are filled up with weeds and soil, the floor is made of manure and earth mixed, and great heaps of soil are piled up round the walls outside to keep the cold out.

There is one great stove, or hearth, which heats the one room by day and serves for a bed for the older people at night. The little children's hammocks are slung to the rafters around the stove, and there is a kind of rough bench by the wall, which serves as a bed for the older children if the family be large.

Little Ivan is not spoiled. As he has to learn to accustom himself to bitter cold and privations of every kind, he begins his education early, and it is very often the only education he gets, for the national village schools, though sometimes spoken of, are not much known in reality.

Some few there are, and some private schools exist, instituted and endowed by kind-hearted people; one or two Sunday-schools are also trying hard to make their way; but on the whole the child has little opportunity of learning to read or write.

The principal education is Spartan-like. He is taught to endure cold and every hardship.

After the pope of the village (all priests are called popes) has christened him—which he does by dipping him three times in water, repeating a kind of formula to exorcise the evil spirit, and then expectorating on the floor, to show that the evil spirit is exorcised and can be mocked at with impunity—little Ivan spends his child-life, with the exception of his brief summers, in the over-heated, unhealthy atmosphere of the dirty room, crowded with vermin of all kinds, in which his hammock is slung, or in the snows outside his cottage door, in the bitter cold of a Russian winter, which is often so severe that wine and all provisions freeze, and money and metals, if touched, burn the fingers and take the skin off, as if red-hot.

There may be two windows, and an old screen at one end of the room may half conceal a greasy old sofa kind of bed.

Then there will be a painted chest or box, containing the treasures of the family, a gay dress or two, some coins, &c.

But there is no sign of whitewash or paint on the brown log walls, and whole armies of big spiders and black-beetles crawl about in every direction.

Ivan does not mind the spiders and beetles, he does not even suspect that they are not absolutely necessary to existence; he does not much care for anything, not even the stick: for does not the proverb say, "A boy or man who has been well beaten is worth two who have never been beaten" and another, "It is only the lazy masters who don't beat their servants?"

The little peasant is taught to be very clean—once a week.

The Russian creed requires him to bathe every Saturday, and he does so religiously, but does not see much water between times, and sleeps by night in the clothes he wears by day.

Even the Russians of better families often content themselves with a dry polish instead of a wash.

Winter is altogether a terrible time for the poor peasant. The children of rich parents enjoy it.

They do not feel its rigors within their double-windowed, treble-floored houses; they have plenty to eat and drink at their first and second breakfasts and dinner (and here I must mention a very pretty custom they have of kissing their parents' hands after each meal, as if to thank them for it); and when they go out they are well wrapped up in soft warm furs.

Then there is the sleighing, either in their own lovely little sledges or the large ones in which their parents drive; or they have a dance at home in the pleasant room where the *samovar* is dispensing its comforts.

The *samovar*, the great brass tea-urn, is to be found in all Russian families. The tea, of which the Russian drinks great quantities, is called *tcha*.

This word is derived from the Chinese word, so it is probable that the Russians got it from the first direct from China; it is often mixed with ginger in cold weather.

The Russian children and young folks are fond of dancing. They form a ring, and taking hands, move round, singing national songs.

Two boys or young men then enter the ring, and by gestures and expressive movements accompany the song; then they choose partners, who also dance a variety of figures, some of which are very graceful. Next the girls throw their handkerchiefs over their partners' heads, and take them prisoners, and then the dance ends.

After the dance all go home, and this is often the occasion of terrible calamities.

Many and many a time whole parties are frozen when only going from one hut to another.

In the driving snow-storms they may lose their way, and after wandering for hours, find themselves in the same place from which they started.

Children may drop down noiselessly in the snow, overcome with the drowsiness that precedes death. Or sometimes toes and ears and noses may be frozen.

In the daytime, if Ivan Ivanovitch sees Dmitri Dmitrivitch's nose getting blue, he runs up to him with a handful of snow, and begins rubbing the said nose as hard as possible, but in the night Dmitri the son of Dmitri's nose may get as blue as it likes; Ivan cannot see it, and can only take precautionary measures with his own.

"CHOLLEY," said Maria, "did you read of Captain Webb's perilous feat diving from a tower ninety feet high?" "Oh, yes, but I don't consider that much. For perilous feat I back your father against Capt. Webb or any other man." Maria exclaimed, "Oh, Cholley," but she knew in her soul that her fellow was correct.

PEOPLE of sedentary habits, and all who are subject to constipation, can keep in good condition, by a moderate use of Ayer's Pills,—the surest, safest, and most reliable Cathartic.

WON'T BE CAUGHT.

BY CHARLES REED.

"IT'S a widow," groaned Mr. Bumble—Timothy Bumble, bachelor; evidently Mr. Bumble hadn't any especial love for widows. "Here am I—an unsuspecting, innocent man, invited to come down visiting my brother John, and, like a fool, I came down. Hardly do I step foot inside the door before I am told that there's someone else coming—a widow—Belinda's dearest friend—and such a nice woman, and I see through it all in a minute. It's a plot! They've got me down here for her to marry."

Mr. Bumble broke out in a cold sweat at the idea.

"And now she's here," went on Mr. Bumble, shaking his fist at something in the corner—an imaginary widow, perhaps. "She's here, and I'll be persecuted and pestered from morning till night. She knows, of course, that John and his wife are willing to help her along in her wickedness. I wish," Mr. Bumble began to wax eloquent in his earnestness. "I wish there was a law abolishing widows."

John came in pretty soon.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes, I 'spose so," answered his brother. "But I tell you what it is, John, I won't marry her."

"May be she wouldn't have you," laughed John.

"You can't cram that down my throat," exclaimed Mr. Bumble, explosively.

He followed his brother down like a lamb led to the sacrifice.

But he remembered afterwards seeing something in the shape of a woman rise up as they entered the parlor, and hearing John say something.

Then the shape swooped down upon him like a hawk upon a dove, and for ten minutes thereafter all was blank to him.

When he regained his scattered senses—it always affected him in this way to be introduced to women, especially widows—he found himself sitting before her with meekly-folded hands, while she was talking away at a fearful rate.

She was strong-minded, he discovered, with a cold shiver of foreboding.

Nothing cooing or dove-like about her.

"I do think," vociferated Mrs. Blake, laying her hand on Mr. Bumble's knee, by way of emphasis, "I do think that we poor women have rights that you men are bound to respect. Don't you?"

Mrs. Blake turned her eagle eyes full on Mr. Bumble, as if defying and daring him to deny it.

"Undoubtedly," admitted Mr. Bumble, faintly.

"Yes, undoubtedly," repeated Mrs. Blake, "You show good sense in making that admission, and I like you for it."

Mr. Bumble regretted that he had made it.

"Dear!" exclaimed the poor man that night. "I'm afraid she'll get me cornered up and marry me yet."

His sleep was haunted with widows.

One leaned from the headboard to pull his hair, and one shook her fist at him from the footboard, while one leaned over the bed and requested him to kiss her.

Not another wink of sleep did he get that night.

"Oh, Mr. Bumble," cried the widow at breakfast, "there's a lovely view from the hill, Belinda says. I want you to come and show it to me."

"I'm in for it, I'm afraid," he groaned. "She'll propose before we get back. She believes in rights. Maybe proposing is one of 'em. If she should propose, I know I won't dare to say no."

Oh, that walk! Every hour was a week long.

His courage began to revive as the distance between him and the house grew less.

Suddenly Mrs. Blake got frightened at a cow.

"She won't hurt you," averred Mr. Bumble. "Shoo, shoo!"

The animal didn't shoo, but came nearer.

"Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Blake, flinging her arms about the poor, unprotected man. "Save me."

"You old brute!"

Let us hope, for the sake of the bachelor's gallantry, that he referred to the cow and not the widow.

"You old brute! g'long off with you," and he succeeded in putting the cow to the rout.

"How shall I repay you?" sobbed the widow. "My lifelong gratitude is yours."

"Don't," said the bachelor, evidently greatly touched. "'Tain't worth speaking of. You're welcome."

"I feel faint; I'll have to lean on you," sighed the widow, and he had to help her home.

He expected she'd try to faint and fall into his arms every minute, but he hurried her over the ground at such a rapid rate that she hadn't time to.

"It's getting desperate," he thought, as he reviewed the events of the day; "a widow'll bring things to a crisis in no time."

The next night there was a party.

Mr. Bumble had to see the widow home. But it wasn't necessary to watch her.

He tried hard enough to shirk the duty, and was detected by his brother sneaking off round the corner, and brought back to the widow.

"It reminds me of a night when Mr. Blake walked home with me before we were married," said the widow, and gave signs of being about to dissolve in tears.

Mr. Bumble could stand anything but that.

"I'd like to have you come to Croydon," he burst out, at a loss what to say, and so saying the first thing that popped into his head.

"Would you?" said the widow, clinging closer than a brother. "I would like to come and see you. I might stay a little."

"There, I've put my foot in it this time," thought the poor man. "It's coming."

"Dear me; what have I said?" cried the widow. "I'm so impulsive. What can you think of me?"

Mr. Bumble tried to say something, but the words stuck in his throat and produced a rumble like distant thunder.

"You wish I would? Was that what you said?" asked the widow. "Dear me!"

"I—I didn't say so," responded the bachelor, despairingly. "You misunderstood me, ma'am."

He tried to shake her off at the parlor door, when they got home, but she coaxed him in while he was blaming himself for letting her do it; and there he sat and suffered for three mortal hours.

More than once he thought the awful moment had come, but something—Providence he called it—helped to avert the fate which must have been his if she had spoken, and he congratulated himself when he reached his chamber that he was spared to freedom yet a little longer.

He went to bed and dreamed.

He thought Mrs. Blake came and informed him that she was going to marry him at half-past ten to-morrow.

He woke in a clammy perspiration. It was terribly real.

Then he dreamed that he ran away to avoid her, but she followed him, and put her arms about his neck and hugged him, saying—

"Oh, you foolish man. To think you could get away from a widow when she'd made up her mind to marry you."

He got up and dressed himself.

"I won't stay under this roof another night," he declared. "It ain't safe."

Ten minutes after someone knocked at John's door.

"I'm going home," exclaimed Mr. Bumble. "Train goes in fifteen minutes. Good-bye."

"But Timothy——"

"'Taint no use. I wouldn't stay for anything. I'm going," and he was off.

"You look beat out," declared his old housekeeper on his arrival home.

"I am," said he. "I tell you what 'tis, Betsey, I ain't going away from home again till I know it's safe. I've been persecuted. If any women come here, tell 'em I'm dead, or got a fever, but don't you let 'em in."

Mr. Bumble confidently expected the widow would follow him.

But she didn't.

He hasn't been out of Croydon since that time.

He doesn't think it safe to do so.

He won't be caught.

ANCIENT JEWISH LEGENDS.—A king had in his garden a yawning pit of great magnitude. One day he hired a number of workmen to fill it up. Some went to the sides of the pit, and as they saw its depth they exclaimed: "How is it possible to fill it?" And they gave up the work in despair. But the others said: "What matters it how deep it is? We are engaged for the day, and are happy to have something to do. Let us be faithful in our duty, and we will fill the pit as soon as we possibly can.

God says to man, thou art engaged by the day; do the word which thou canst, and be of good courage.

Rabbi Johanan went out walking with some friends, and crossing a field he stopped, and, pointing to a beautiful vineyard, said, "This was mine, and I sold it for the poor, so that I might devote myself wholly to study." Going farther, he pointed to a spacious field: "This too," he exclaimed, "once was mine; but I sold it, so as to have no other care than my holy studies." A few minutes' walk brought them to another field: "This was my last possession," he said, "but I gave it up, so that I might have no other thought than the study of the law."

His friends, saddened at his words, replied: "What hast thou preserved for thy old age?"

"Are you anxious on that account?" said he, smiling. "Why, I have resigned things which are given us only for a few days for a possession that will last much longer."

Once a sage met the prophet Elijah in the crowded market-place, and full of curiosity he asked Elijah who of all the bustling throng would be saved.

"None," rejoined the prophet, slowly.

"What," replied the sage, "no one of all these people?"

At this moment, two men entered the street, and mingled with the crowd. They seemed in humble circumstances, and no one noticed them or bade them greeting.

"These will be saved," said the prophet.

The sage, advancing reverently towards them, then said: "Will you kindly tell me what is your occupation in life? What are your virtues? What are your deeds?

"Virtues, deeds?" they replied. "In truth, you must be mocking us with some body else. We are poor people and live by the work of our hands. Our only merit is that we have merry hearts. When we meet one who is sad, we strive to chase away his sorrow. When we learn of two who are at enmity we step in and seek to make peace. This alone is our life-work."

PHILOSOPHERS say that affairs should always be conducted with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has demonstrated itself to be of the greatest good to the greatest number of sufferers.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

BY J. W.

Years have come and fled away,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,—
Bearing many a pleasant day
On their rapid fleeting wing;

But the fairest day, that yet
Woos my fancy like a dream,
Was the day when first I met
Little Maudie by the stream.

'Twas a sunny day in June,
When all Nature seemed in love;
And the lark poured forth her tune
As she soared, unseen, above.

By the stream fair Maudie sat
On a fallen forest king;
By her side there lay her hat
And a woven daisy ring.

As I nearer came, I saw
That the little maiden wept;
And, subdued by childish awe,
To her side I slowly crept.

Taking little Moudie's hand
In my own, I bade her say
Why, in such a sunny land,
She alone was sad that day.

Then, as children trust a child,
Maudie put away her tears;
And the face soon sweetly smiled,
That before was wet with tears.

And upon her hand she showed
Where she'd pierced her glossy skin,
As her daisy wreath she sewed
With a little crooked pin.

And we laughed the tears away,
Very much as, I suppose,
We have settled, since that day,
Many other greater woes.

MEMORABLE SAYINGS.

WE may place first in this catalogue a few of those sayings which sprang less from the exigency of the moment than from a train of thought habitual to the speaker.

Such, for example, was the wish uttered by the Roman Emperor, Caligula, "Would that the Roman people had but one neck," in order that he might have the pleasure of annihilating the nation at a single blow.

In like manner, some of the sentiments adopted by rulers as their mottoes are most instructive when taken in conjunction with their reigns.

"He who knows not how to dissimulate, knows not how to reign," was all the French king, Louis XI., thought necessary for the son who was to succeed him as Charles VIII.

We are afforded no slight clue to the strange character and crooked policy of the cunning and wary king by his acknowlment of this sentiment as a principle of government.

"I am the state," was the motto adopted at an early age by another French king, Louis XIV., and from the time of his personal assumption of government until the close of his long reign the whole kingdom of France did, indeed, appear to centre in the person of the monarch.

Two German emperors of the last century have left records of conscious failure in the task of government.

"Misfortune will never leave me till I leave it," said Charles VII., the unhappy rival of Maria Theresa.

Equally despairing was the epitaph which the well-meaning, if ill-advised, Joseph II., proposed for himself, "Here lies a monarch who, with the best intentions, never carried a single design into execution."

This verdict can hardly fail to remind the reader of the more satirical judgment of the Earl of Rochester on Charles II., of England, "Who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one."

It has often been proposed to make a collection of the last words of remarkable persons, although they are said to express but seldom the ruling passion of their life.

The last words of Archimedes stand out foremost among the exceptions to this rule. It is related that this great mathematician and engineer was occupied with a mathematical problem at the moment when Marcellus carried by assault the city of Syracuse (B. C. 212), and that he was so intent upon this occupation, that he knew nothing of what was going on in the city.

Even when he was roused by the presence of a Carthaginian soldier, who brandished his sword in a threatening manner over his head, he only looked up to request his enemy, "Wait until I have finished my demonstration!"

Unfortunately the man did not understand the language, nor recognize the person of him whom Marcellus would fain have spared, but killed Archimedes on the spot.

But more frequently the importance of the occupations of this world fade before the approach of death.

Notable among the expressions of dying men for sadness mingled with regret, are the words which Wolsey addressed to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, who had been sent to arrest him. They are better known in the altered form in which they occur in Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII., but the original version is thus preserved to us:

"If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

Characteristic of the spirit which had animated her career were the words addressed from the scaffold to a statue of Liberty by Madame Roland, "Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

It may be, though she knew it not, that her execution was part of the Divine retribution for the blood of the murdered king, which, under the guise of a false liberty, the Girondist party had joined in shedding.

The last words of the great English statesman, William Pitt, are said to have been, "Oh, my country! how I leave my country!" alluding to the withdrawal of Austria from the coalition which had been formed against Napoleon.

There are some historical sayings which have passed into the region of proverbs. Foremost among these we find, "The die is cast," by which Cæsar expressed the irrevocable nature of the step he had taken, when, by bringing his legions across the river which formed the boundary of his province, he transgressed the laws of the state, and virtually declared war against Pompey and his adherents.

It is worthy of remark that this same act of the Roman general, which opened the long civil wars, gives us the similar proverbial phrase, "to cross the Rubicon."

Grains of Gold.

A bad padlock invites a picklock.

Gold is no balm to a wounded spirit.

A face that cannot smile is never good.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

The measure of life is not length, but honesty.

A bird is known by its mate, and a man by his talk.

The clever thing to do is to find out people's merits.

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and wisdom.

A fool demands much, but he's a greater that gives it.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

A blind man will not thank you for a looking-glass.

Speak what good you can of anyone, and let the rest go.

Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.

All philosophy lies in the words "sustain" and "abstain."

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

A blunt edge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.

Overcome disappointment; do not let that overcome you.

A keepsake engraven upon the heart is better than one in the hand.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend, you betray your own.

The world is the great tempter; but at the same time it is the great monitor.

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.

Circumstance is the occasion of vice, but no more. The seed is in the heart.

In scandal, as in robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Curses are like processions; they return to the place from which they came.

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

To develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education.

Observe system and order in all you do and undertake. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend upon yourself.

Do not nurse your troubles to keep them warm, and avoid that useless and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.

We begin life by demanding vast material for happiness; long before middle life the reasonable mortal owns that happiness is an elusive essence, rarely found when sought as an end.

Femininities.

A woman's tears are silent orators.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after.

A woman's love must not be be begged—it must be conquered.

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed.

New York customs officials found 800 artificial eyes concealed in a bustle belonging to a lady voyager.

A Washington lady is having made into a belt the skin of a rattlesnake that she killed while on a trip to North Carolina.

There are in Chicago not less than from 10,000 to 50,000 women, girls and children who perform various grades of labor which were formerly in man's province.

The fashion in women's bonnets changed seventeen times from 1784 to 1786. But then the bonnets were so hideous that we wonder they were not changed far oftener.

At the Dublin Police Court, recently, it was stated by a police officer that garroting was again most prevalent in the city, and that even women now frequently committed the crime.

There has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man; and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.

"No, indeed, there's no place like home," sighed the married man who tripped over the coal-scuttle and fell into a wash-tub while fumbling around for a match to light the kitchen fire.

A single sigh of a lover expresses all that David sang in his 150 psalms, and all the declarations of love by the poets do not say as much to the lover as a single glance from the eyes of his love.

Covington, Ky., is the Gretna Green of Ohio and Indiana elopers. The records show that over one hundred couples have been married from these two States during the past eighteen months.

Wife—"Oh, by the way, George, I had Featherplume make out his little account against me to-day and send it up. Did you foot the bill?" Husband (savagely)—"No; but I footed the man that brought it."

When Sarah Shener, of New York, eloped with Henry Friedman, the other day, she left behind her one hundred and ten dresses, many of which had never been worn. This is love's greatest sacrifice, indeed.

A young miss of 16 asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a number of gentlemen at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly downstairs and untie the dog.

There is a sacredness in tears; they are not the mark of weakness, but of power; they speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues; they are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

In speaking of the girl to whom he was engaged, he referred to her as his "financee." "You mean your fiancee, I guess. It is pronounced fee-ong-say." "I don't care how it is pronounced; this girl is my financee—she's worth $30,000."

Who dares assert that love is a sin, and sorrow a virtue? Who, then, has seen standing by the side of God the two angels—one of whom designates the names of those who suffered and died, and the other writes down those who loved and had the courage to be happy?

A man in Hamilton, Ga., has written for a divorce, to the Governor of the State, because he says he doesn't wish to give a lawyer $25 for one. His letter closes as follows: "Please see about this rite off, and deant wate till after I am ded before you let me hear from you."

When a woman refuses a man with decision, or even with contumely, there is no need for his selling the engagement ring at an immense sacrifice, or ceasing to figure on the cost of married life. But if she says cordially that she will always be his friend, he may as well look for another girl who wears a ring of the same size.

The honeymoon of a Chicago couple was spent in the romantic and picturesque occupation of camping out on the shore of Lake Michigan; but the plan seems to have failed, for they finally emerged from the woods at opposite sides, and are to be legally separated by divorce.

A young society man, whose mind was running on another subject, acknowledged an evening invitation as follows: "Your kind invitation for Thursday evening is accepted with regret." And then he lay awake all Thursday night wondering why his hostess treated him so coldly.

Fitting up a stable and holding a calico ball in it is the latest London kink. The stable walls were hung with rugs and decorated with scarlet pepper-pods, ears of corn, bananas, and wild flowers, especially golden rod. The candles were stuck in fruits and vegetables, and the ladies wore fancy cotton dresses and powdered hair.

A mother's work is that which every mother, whether rich or poor, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of the circumstances may be, is required by the most sacred and rigid obligations to achieve—the assiduous cultivation in her children of the inner nature, of that which makes the good man or woman—that which shall live for ever.

"Clara, what makes you sit down so close to close to George when he calls Saturday night? I hope you will not forget the proprieties, my child." "Why, mamma, George is dreadfully deaf." "Yes, I remember your father was troubled with the same complaint before we were married, but now I cannot even search his pockets in the morning without waking him up."

There are some insults worse than oilfurs. A single lady of uncertain age was on the witness stand in a Western police court, when the squire asked her, "What is your age?" "Your Honor," said the lawyer on the other side, "you should not press that question. A woman of her age never likes to confess it." Then she gave one squeal and went into hysterics.

News Notes.

Vancouver, W. T., makes tramps saw wood.

Mayor Rickman, of Sedalia, Mo., weighs 410 pounds.

Queen Victoria's household numbers just under 1000 people.

The price of gas in London is only 66 cents per 1000 feet.

A man at Reno, Col., has had his tongue paralyzed so that he cannot eat.

The national debt is only twelve times as large as that of the city of New York.

The sun is photographed every day at several different astronomical observatories.

The agitation in England against overpressure in schools seems to be at its height.

German women who serve as telegraph operators, receive $240 a year, with no vacations.

Women and girls own nearly one-half of the deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts.

"American home made pie" has been introduced on the bills of fare of several London hotels.

Over $50 000,000 is said to have been spent in attempts to solve the problem of perpetual motion.

So far this season no less than thirty-three horse thieves have been hanged by the vigilantes of Nevada.

It is said that very few blind people enjoy smoking cigars, for the reason that they cannot see the smoke.

About 10,000 Jewish immigrants land at our ports yearly, and they have been coming at that rate for ten years.

A grand tabernacle, to cost $100,000, is to be erected at Atlanta, Ga., for people who are not regular church-goers.

Bears are so plenty in some parts of New Hampshire this season that they are seen in couples by daylight occasionally.

A Savannah man has invented a machine that he is confident will navigate the air without any difficulty. He calls it a steam bird.

It costs 38,000,000 francs per year to support the penal institutions of Italy, while only 23,000,000 francs are devoted to education.

Nelson Miller, of Stephentown, N. Y., who is reported to be 104 years of age, recently walked nine miles to attend a camp meeting.

A movement, it is said, is on foot to expunge all traces of English conquest in Dublin by substituting Irish for English names to all the streets.

The microscope reveals that there are more than four thousand muscles in a caterpillar, and that the eye of a drone contains one thousand mirrors.

Assaults on policemen are quite a common occurrence in London, no less than 2,300 people having been arrested there the past year for this offence.

A bill will be presented to the next Vermont Legislature forbidding the importation or manufacture of oleomargarine or any of the imitations of butter.

The two tiny satellites of Mars, which were discovered in 1877, have diameters of less than ten miles each, and are the smallest celestial bodies known.

Six thousand tons of silver money,—in round figures, $125,000,000, are now in the United States Treasury, the bulk of it being stored in New York.

There are one thousand convicts in the Virginia penitentiary, and not a single lawyer among them. Lawyers must be as smart there as they are anywhere.

Dishonest milkmen to the number of twenty-two were fined from $10 to $100 each recently in the New York Court of General Sessions, for watering their milk.

Frenchmen claim that the inventor of the steamboat was not Robert Fulton, but one of their own countrymen, Jouffrey. They have raised a statue to his memory at Besancon.

Church-robbing has been alarmingly rife of late in and around Paris; as many as 70 burglaries have been effected in the capital and surrounding localities within the past eighteen months.

A preacher who can deliver two strictly original sermons every Sunday, one in the morning for saints, the other in the evening for sinners, is wanted by a San Francisco society.

A married couple in Allegheny City, this State, have separated on account of differences growing out of the Presidential nominations. The husband was for Blaine, and the wife for Cleveland.

Emerson lived to be 79, Bryant to be over 80, Halleck to be 77, and Whittier is now 77. Lowell, the youngest of what may be termed the classic American poets, is 68. Dr. Holmes is 75 years old.

A son of Henry Ward Beecher, captain of a steamboat plying along the Pacific coast, resides in Olympia, Oregon, and is described as a weather-beaten man, with sun-browned straw hat, looking like a mechanic.

Paris has 172,000 acres in parks, or one acre to every 13 inhabitants; in Vienna the proportion is one acre to every 100 persons; in Chicago, one to 20; in Philadelphia, one to 330; in Brooklyn, one to 670; in New York, one to 1,362.

A wonderful freak of nature, a child without either arms or legs, was born in New York a few days ago. The infant is unusually large, its skin is white and firm, while the places where the arms and legs ought to be are cleanly cut, as though a pair of shears had severed the limbs.

Having lost both legs in the war, and subsequently living in poverty for twenty-one years on his pension, a Nashville man hit upon the idea of making a side-show curiosity of himself by attaching deceptive wax feet to his stumps and figuring as a freak of nature. He is now prosperous.

Marie Blanc.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

IT is difficult to conceive a more interesting or suggestive sight than is afforded by the flower market of Paris.

The women of all ages who bring these beautiful floral gems to the city exhibit a taste in their arrangement which would be of value to a professional painter.

The principal market lies just across the Pont Neuf, on the large square bordering the Seine, and covering in extent some three acres of ground.

But let us see who they are who form the purchasers and appreciators of these floral gems.

Here is a vehicle fit for a princess, with its liveried servants and richly-caparisoned horses.

The lady occupant descends lightly, and walking hither and thither among the long alleys between the stands selects an elegant bouquet and several pots of blooming plants, which are duly dispatched in accordance with her orders.

Here is a sad-faced woman in widow's weeds.

The wreath of immortelles which she pays for, tells its own story.

Observe this pale-faced, but handsome grisette.

What a beautiful figure the girl has.

She carefully counts the few sous in her purse.

She must, perhaps, forego her dinner, but she resolves, and the sweet little pot of mignonette is born.

She carries it away as daintily as though it were an infant which she held in her arms.

"Who is that girl?" I asked of the woman who sold her the plant, and of whom I purchased a few buds by way of introduction.

"That is Marie Blanc."

"A poor girl?"

"Well, yes, Marie hasn't anything but her beautiful figure, in the way of fortune."

"How does she gain a livelihood?" I asked.

"Well, Marie used to be a model to the artists, but she does not do much of anything now.

"She is very beautiful."

"Ah, she is faded now but she used to be beautiful."

"Has she met with a misfortune?"

"Misfortune of the heart," was the calm reply.

"Has some villain deceived her?"

"No, Marie has not been deceived."

"How then?"

"She has been fascinated. Some of us think she has been bewitched."

"How so?" I asked.

"It is a long story. She lives in a little room over that bird shop yonder."

"Thank you," said I, paying my ten cents, more for the information than the flowers.

I resolved to learn poor Marie's story, if I was obliged to purchase half the canaries in the bird shop to accomplish it.

I found the man who kept the shop, and who let her the little garret over the same, to be a very intelligent and communicative person, who was ready to answer all my questions freely.

He told me that Marie was a good girl, entirely respectable, and now left quite alone in the world by the loss of her mother within the last six months.

As I had before been informed, she had gained a respectable living as a model, a very peculiar occupation, but yet quite possible and consistent with the most rigid ideas of propriety.

But of late Marie had grown sad and moody.

She had for nearly a year previous to her mother's death, been the special model of a young married artist in the Rue Rivoli, who had profited by her exquisite form to inspire both his pencil and his chisel, for he was both painter and sculptor, and a perfect enthusiast in his art.

Pierre Jenot, though married to a worthy and good companion, was, in reality, wedded to his art alone; there his heart and mind centred.

Marie, who had innocently posed for him had been in his eyes solely a means, not an object.

He looked far over and beyond the beautiful girl herself.

His model knew that Pierre was married.

She knew that the young artist could never be aught to her, more than he then was, but a strange and thrilling sentiment gradually developed itself in her bosom towards him, until in her secret heart she loved the young artist above all else in life.

No sign of this appeared, and a word of such sentiment would have meant instant banishment, for her mother was the very soul of honor and propriety.

Finally Pierre Jenot made with great care and labor, a wax figure, with Marie for his model, and his own poetical imagination as prompter.

It was indeed the perfection of art, so exquisite and true to nature as to astonish his fellow artists, and all of those who were permitted to see the statue.

Pierre Jenot had perfected his statue of wax, and he sat sometimes for hour before it.

He reproduced it upon canvas, he wrote verses about it, he sat and sang songs to it.

Surely Pierre was infatuated.

"Pierre!" cried his wife one day.

"Yes, wife."

"Come hither."

"I will," he answered, still lingering.

"Why do you sit there idling?"

"Oh, it is not idleness," he replied, "it is heaven."

"Bah! you are a fool Pierre."

"My statue is inspired," exclaimed the enthusiast.

"If you don't stop your nonsense about the statue," she replied, "I will destroy it."

"Destroy it. It would be murder."

"I have promised you," said the hard, unsympathetic companion, "so beware."

"You would break my heart," said the artist.

After performing the slight service for which his wife had called him, Pierre Jenot returned to his studio, where he met Marie Blanc, her coming and going being so common a thing as to cause no especial notice.

Her quick eye detected the sorrow and anxiety which his wife's words had created upon Pierre's features.

She saw him sit down sadly, yet half entranced, once more before his statue.

She crept close to his side, and held his hand and kissed it.

She could understand the artists enthusiasm.

She knew that it was her own beautiful form that had furnished the model for the statue he loved.

It was as though she herself was being worshipped by proxy.

"Am I so beautiful as that?" she asked herself, as she held his hand, all unconsciously to him.

He was fascinated by the statue, she was fascinated with him.

And still he sat there absorbed, and she kneeling by his side.

At this moment the door of the studio opened cautiously; and there stood the angry wife.

She saw Pierre turn towards Marie and smooth back the hair from her forehead, quite involuntarily, and then resume his entranced gaze upon the statue.

Her patience was exhausted, and rushing forward, by considerable exertion of strength, she threw down the statue which was broken into a score of pieces in a moment.

The patient labor of twelve months was destroyed.

Her husband's idol had perished before his eyes.

Marie saw the rising tempest, and seizing her hat, hastened away to her home.

Pierre said not a word, but rushing into another room, found a knife, and listening towards his wife, sought to kill her.

Her cries brought assistance, and the weapon was taken from his hands.

But Pierre Jenot was a maniac.

Such was the story I learned concerning Marie Blanc, the artist's model, and Pierre Jenot, the latter being confined in an insane asylum near Versailles, while the former was dragging along her weary life in a garret of the Rue Rivoli.

I had heard nothing of either, until I saw the following paragraph in a newspaper—

"A modern Pygmalion died recently in an insane asylum in France. He was a maker and exhibitor of wax-work figures, and made one of a girl so supremely beautiful that he passed most of his time in contemplating her. His business being neglected, bankruptcy overtook him. He still retained his wax figure, but one day his wife destroyed it, which so enraged him, that he made a furious assault upon her, and would have slain her but for the intervention of neighbors. The authorities finding him to be insane, placed him in an asylum."

LOVE OF ORNAMENTS.—All the people in Ceylon, from babes just "just feeling their feet" to old men and women, their steps tottering on the brink of the grave, wear gold and silver ornaments. They even invent new places for carrying them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a Cingalese belle with the top of her ears covered with gold plate or wire, a large pair of rings pendant from the lobes of the ear, a gold or silver circlet round her hair, her nose adorned with rings, bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers and silver plates on her toes.

A BOY EMPEROR.—The Emperor of China, who is sixteen years old, eats with gold-tipped chop-sticks of ivory, and sleeps on a bedstead carved and ornamented with gold and ivory which has been used for two centuries. He studies Chinese and marches three hours a day, and spends two hours in archery and riding. Every one, even his father and mother, kneels to him on entering his sacred presence. He is attended by eight eunuchs, who will not let him over eat.

"Do birds think?" asks a writer in opening a current article. If they do, we would like to know what a canary bird thinks of the woman who stands up in a chair and talks baby through the brass wires of the cage.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

A SHAKE OF THE HAND.

With an heiress he danced at the gay fancy ball,
And there fell a prey unto Cupid's sharp dart,
Himself in her graces he strove to install
By every device of a fond lover's art.

He craved her heart's love as he'd plead for his life,
And sweetest delights for the future he planned,
His darling he begged her to be and his wife,
And seal her consent by a shake of her hand.

"Our coachman's my lover and groom," she replied,
Your vows cannot 'drive' me or 'coach' me to make
A promise that I'll be your dearest and bride,
And I'll not give my hand." So she gave him the "shake."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Handy men—Glovers.

Car-toon—The driver's whistle.

Too thin—The "living skeleton."

A forthcoming event—One that succeeds three others.

Why, gentle reader, do we always find U in trouble?

Should a mustard-plaster be classed among drawing materials?

What did the donkey do when he first heard of the doctrine of evolution? He brayed till he became a little hoarse.

"No," said the poet, "my poem wasn't much of a success. The critics rather set down on it. But in view of the fact that the printer got the words 'golden light,' 'gutter snipe,' I don't quite feel that the piece had a fair chance."

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

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16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
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19	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
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28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

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If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal *organs* or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the extensive range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic.—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

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☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

Facetiæ.

A striking subject—The hammer.

Matrimonial bureau—A match factory.

No bird is actually on the wing. The wings are on the bird.

Italian music is fine because it is ground so much on the streets.

"Save me from my friends!" is the plaintive cry of the oyster.

Something of an anomaly—in order to burn a house down it must be burned up.

"Pa, I want to go whaling." "All right, my son." And in a few minutes he was busy in the woodshed with lots of blubber.

Awful!—A society journal informs us that, "when a gentleman and lady are walking up the street, the lady should walk inside the gentleman."

"Why are photographic portraits rarely good likenesses?" asks an exchange. Probably because photographers want to live without being in constant dread of being waylaid and assaulted.

A San Francisco showman is advertising a troupe of educated flies. If he will send one on here to teach others how to walk around the edge of a milk pitcher without falling in, he will gain everlasting fame.

The papers are publishing the fact that a brass band gave a concert for the benefit of the flood sufferers, but before the band had finished the first tune the sufferers jumped right back into the water.

"The happiness of man arises more from his inward than his outer condition," says an exchange, which is a parabolic way of saying that a cucumber out in a man's garden patch won't make him as unhappy as it would if it were located under the front elevation of his vest.

Last winter a boarding house keeper rejected a steak which seemed too old for even a boarding house. It was then used for a door-mat for a while, and was finally buried in the back yard. Two months later a beautiful rubber tree sprang from the ground, and is now in full blossom.

A gentleman recently received a piece of wedding cake, placed it under his pillow and all night long he revelled in the most delightful dreams of the beautiful heiress he was about to wed. In the morning when he awakened he was struck with the sickening sensation that he was already married and had seven hungry children to provide for.

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Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

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Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases**. It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever**, and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

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Of the Most Popular Songs, —Music and Words,—
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Visitors to the Dore Gallery, London, will remember the great painting, covering nearly an entire end of the gallery, entitled "**Christ Leaving the Praetorium.**" This masterpiece—Dore's grandest work—has lately been engraved and printed for subscribers only, at the price of £8 per copy, or $40 U. S. money. Custom duties and ocean express bring the cost to American purchasers to $60. A copy cannot be secured for less except from the publishers of

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Any subscriber is privileged to apply for a loan, to be made out of advertising profits, the amount borrowed being permitted to remain unpaid as long as borrower remains a subscriber and keeps the interest paid. Subscription price, $2. On the basis of 250,000 circulation (which will probably be doubled) the business and profits will approximate as follows:—**RECEIPTS:** 250,000 subscribers, $500,000; 500 inches advertising, $2.50 per line, $15 per inch, 52 issues, $1,170,000—total, $1,670,000. **EXPENSES:** for paper and press work, 250,000 copies, 52 issues, $101,000; editorial work, office, repairs, etc., $25,000; premium engravings, $250,000; incidentals, $10,000—total, $389,000; leaving a net profit of $1,281,000. For this enormous profit from sale of advertising space, **The Globe** depends on its 250,000 subscribers, for advertisers pay for space in proportion to circulation. With but 25,000 circulation the profits would be but a tenth of the amount. Therefore, as subscribers are doing us a favor when they send us their names, we desire to return favor for favor. Any subscriber who desires to borrow from $100 to $500 at 4 percent., the principal to stand if desired as long as borrower remains a subscriber, should so state when he orders the premium. In such case—

The Subscription Price, $2.00, need not be sent, as it can be deducted when loan is made

And subscription begins. Your individual note is all the security asked: provided you will send the names of several of your neighbors to whom we can refer, not as to the amount of property you are worth, but as to good character.

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One year after date, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of the publisher of the CHICAGO GLOBE the sum of ..... Dollars, with interest at 4 per cent. per annum after maturity. It is understood and agreed that no part of the principal of this note will be demanded or become payable, (except at my pleasure,) so long as I remain a paid-up subscriber to the above named paper.
(Signed,) .....

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The publishers of the **Capitol City Home Guest**, the well known Illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the holidays: The person being in the largest verse in the Bible before January 1st, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch worth $50. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive an elegant Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch; the third, a Key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 25 cents with their answer for which they will receive FREE, postpaid, **three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST,"** and an **Elegant Lady's Work Box** with their name beautifully stenciled on the cover. Each box contains 1 Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Needles, 6 elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 2 Christmas Cards, 2 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide," containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of the above articles is $1.75, but to those who comply with the above requirements we will send them all prepaid for 45 cts. **Publ'rs Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.**

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The beautiful Pearl Shell Necklace and pair of Bracelets here illustrated, are imported from Paris. Our cut shows the goods upon a greatly reduced scale, and sections only, and conveys only a faint idea of their beauty and elegance. They are composed of a large number of beautiful Pearl Shells, neatly joined together. They are very beautiful and fashionable, and there is nothing about them to tarnish or wear out. Every lady ought to have one of these beautiful Necklaces and a pair of Bracelets, and we will now tell you how you can obtain them Free of cost. We publish a most charming Illustrated Literary and family paper called THE FIRESIDE AT HOME, the circulation of which we are ambitious to increase to 100,000. To accomplish this we now make the following wonderfully liberal offer! *Upon receipt of only* **Twenty-Five Cents** *in postage stamps,* we will send **The Fireside at Home** *for* **Three Months,** *and to every subscriber* we will also send *Free and post-paid, the beautiful* **Pearl Shell Necklace and Pair of Bracelets** *above described.* Remember, the Necklace and Bracelets cost you nothing—they are sent free as a premium with the paper. THE FIRESIDE AT HOME is a mammoth illustrated paper, containing in every issue 16 pages, 64 columns, of the choicest reading matter, embracing serial and short stories, sketches, poems, useful knowledge, history, biography, wit and humor, etc. You will be delighted with it, as well as with the elegant and valuable premiums. This is undoubtedly the most liberal offer ever made by any reliable publisher, and no lady can afford to miss it. *Every subscriber is guaranteed more than three times the value of money sent, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we will cheerfully refund the amount. As to our reliability, we refer to any* publisher in New York, or to the Commercial Agencies. Five subscriptions and five sets of Premiums sent for $1.00. Address, **S. H. MOORE & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Place, N. Y.**

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We make these Offers to introduce our Novelties and Catalogues. Thousands of persons have sent for them and thousands more must have. Many returned Mail us a postal. Agents Wanted. Name this paper.

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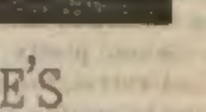
"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$1 *SAMPLES*  FREE. Men and women making less than $40 per week, should investigate our easy money-making business. Proof sent that either sex clear $5 to $10 per day. If your present occupation does not pay well, send stamp for our $3 "Eye-opener" and try our "success" plan. L. J. Morrill & Co., Chicago.

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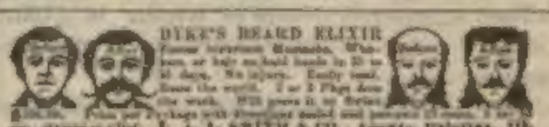
To any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods and try to influence sales among friends, we will send post-paid two full-size Ladies' Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Wearing Apparel as samples, provided you cut this out and return with 25 cents to pay postage, etc. Warren M'f'g Co., 9 Warren St., N. Y.



Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IN Autumn millinery, for brunettes' wear, is exhibited a stylish-looking Newmarket bonnet of black velvet, the crown surrounded by a diadem of Neapolitan red carnations in plush and chenille, intertwined with waves of finest gold lace.

Also, a Princesse bonnet of dark wine-colored velvet, trimmed with soft folds of peach-colored satin mingled with cascades of peach-colored Spanish lace.

Underneath a graceful fall of the lace on the left side of the crown is fastened a cluster of velvet tea-roses with shaded velvet foliage.

The bonnet inside is lined with the peach-colored satin, with three narrow pipings of ruby velvet above set close to the edge of the brim.

A model, designed for a blonde, and arranged with great artistic elegance, is a medium-sized gypsy poke, known in America as the "Tarry" bonnet.

This is made of a very dark shade of violet velvet, called Bishop's purple, and is garnished with thistles in pale mauve and silver, and otherwise trimmed with silver lace.

Another bonnet, made of the same deep-shaded velvet, is adorned with a half wreath of palest lilac chrysanthemums in plush, the inside of the slightly flaring brim being faced with lilac satin.

Fashion ordains small capotes, without strings, to be worn with the new high and large collars.

These bonnets have square velvet crowns, richly embroidered in gold or silver, or bright silks.

Other crowns are in cloth, the embroidery being in exceedingly small metallic beads —gold, silver, steel, or multi-colored, and describing butterflies or flowers.

The bonnets called "Demi-capotes" have strings from the back, either velvet, silk, or a new tissue called "Suede," because it is a fine velvet resembling the so-called kid, and also its color.

Other bonnets are in dotted velvet. For trimming, the great novelty is a curled feather, shot, as it were, with mother-of-pearl tints in all shades.

Then there are white and colored wool guipures, both plain and interwoven with very fine gold and silver; also many cloth ornaments, out of which the entire bonnet is sometimes made.

Some of these are so cut that they resemble an artichoke, with very small leaves.

Among the new bonnets are some made of plaited and gathered velvet, and they have faille strings; the trimmings are curled ostrich feathers, and feathers cut in a variety of fanciful forms.

Some pretty capotes are made of light red velvet, the crowns being melon shaped; the trimming are black Chantilly lace and a tuft of black feathers, the strings of coquille lace.

The ruched bonnets are called "a la vielle," and one in amber velvet, with bronze beads and pointed crown, is a good example.

Some black lace bonnets have the fronts made of open jet trellis, to be worn flat on the hair—a style likely to be fashionable.

Soft velvet hats, trimmed by two puffs of velvet around the crown, and with a binding of gold-threaded velvet, are very pretty for young girls, for they may be dented and pulled into the most coquettish shapes, and worn with any costume.

Stylish high hats, have narrow brims; the trimming is arranged in front, and is even higher than the crown.

These hats are black, gray, and beige felt, and are ornamented with wide gold and silver galons and with short curled feathers.

Others are in a new fabric, black jet, with watered or moire effects.

Small dark straw capotes, with brims edged with a puffing of velvet and wreaths of autumn flowers in velvet brilliantly shaded, are the favorite head coverings, with tailor-made costumes just at present.

Among out-door wraps is a stylish long coat for a young girl. This coat is made of brown basket cloth and almost covers the costume.

Side backs, a centre seam and single bust and under-arm darts fit it closely to the figure, the three back seams terminating below the waist line at the top of under-folded box plaits.

Buttons and button holes close the fronts all the way down, and about the neck is an officer's collar, outside of which is a band of beaver fur in harmony with that at the wrists.

Similar fur conceals the pocket openings in the front.

A pretty autumn mantle, which can be worn over any skirt, is the long redingote of dark beige cloth, close-fitting, fastened at the side with two rows of large gilt buttons; collar, pockets and facings of bright red officer's cloth.

Small figures or patterns will be preferred for dresses, but for mantles there are large detached flowers, interlinked palms and rings, and, above all, stripes, either lengthwise or crossed from selvedge to selvedge. Frise figures on cloth or on velvet or satin grounds will be the feature for the new materials for all mantles.

The trimmings threaten to be somewhat incongruous, as fur or feathers will be used with lace.

For colored cloth jackets there are velvet ornaments cut in quaint designs and outlined with gold or silk cord.

There is a decided fashion for spots in the new goods for autumn wear, and these are of three kinds; one spot is a soft woollen in rich self-colorings, as maroon, dark gray, dark green, brown, black, etc., and the spot is a small raised tuft of the same color studded along a ribbed line, at short intervals, the effect is excellent.

Another spot is flat and in bright silk, woven through the material, contrasting well with its dark woollen ground—red on blue, red on green, orange on brown, etc. —decidedly smart-looking, and this material is to be made up with self-color to match.

The third spot is more ambitious; the spot being of fanciful design and also in bright silk; the ground is twilled, and so is the plain material that accompanies it.

Red and blue combined have been very popular during the summer, and are likely to remain so during the darker days, as the contrast is a happy one.

Woollens will be worn in preference to silks for walking dresses, and in them there are some novelties, such as the wool velvet, which has a twilled ground of hard twisted wool, on which are raised figures of uncut loops, some which are frise (curled) and others smooth.

Then there are repped woollens and tricot cloths, and a rough bison cloth known as "bouretie bison."

A new effect is given to these last by arranging the rough threads in small cross-bars, by either couching them or holding them down with cross stitches taken at intervals as in needle-work.

The new shade of gray-blue in which these cloths appear is called Gordon-blue, after the English hero.

Some woollen dresses are made up with plain velvet. The drapery on the skirts is simple, and generally arranged at the back, the fronts being in flat panels or straight plaits; the bodices have a small point in front, are short at the hips, with either small postillion or point at the back.

Other bodices have waistcoats either plain or full.

A shade of heliotrope (almost violet) will be much worn. Some of the new dresses are trimmed with gold braid, woven into woollen mohair.

Among the new models of rich short costume, for either calling or small dinners, are the following:

Violet velvet skirt, with deep cross-cut tucks at the back; bodice and tunic of violet velvet, studded with tiny dots of old gold, the revers on the bodice being plain velvet.

A black velvet skirt, with cross-cut folds of black ottoman in front, and trimmed with bands of astrachan; velvet bodice, with zigzag of astrachan on the chest.

A moss-green velvet skirt, studded all over with small beads; moss-green cloth tunic and bodice, with beaded velvet waistcoat.

There is no great change for the sleeves, with the exception of the fulness and padding at the top, which have disappeared, as the high shoulders had become too exaggerated.

There are several modes of finishing the cuff end of a sleeve. A fashionable completion for a tailor-made costume is frequently seen; the sleeve proper is curved away from the lining, and the exposed portion overlaid with velvet, the finish being executed with the utmost neatness.

Fireside Chat.

THE RENOVATION OF CLOTHES.

THE first rule to make in the household is that, when the family linen comes up from the laundry, each piece must be unfolded and examined, every button replaced and every rent repaired, even weakly buttons should be cut off and refastened and doubtful strings sewn together. Socks and stocking must be darned and the thin places run.

Saturday morning, as a rule, is a good day for doing this, if the clothes come on Friday night; but many people prefer giving Monday morning, as the soiled clothes can be attended to as well, and one day does for both duties.

But not only the appointed day is needful, but one must have the proper tools or utensils, and with these the large family work-basket should be well furnished; thimbles, a good large pair of scissors; several sizes of needles (from 6 to 9 is a useful range); a piece of wax, white and black cotton and threads; darning and carpet needles, a piercer, buttons of all kinds, hooks and eyes, and an assortment of darning cotton and wool.

I always prefer to wash all darning cotton in a hot lather and rinse it in cold water before using it; this treatment softens and shrinks it, and makes it more valuable in every way.

Table and bed linen should be darned with the ravellings of the linen, or else with linen floss, to be purchased by the skein at any draper's; woven underclothes with darning cotton shrunk in the way I have described; thread and spun stocking with filoselle of the same color, split into the necessary fineness; and woollen and merino with the merino darnings, to be bought on small cards.

A ball of wood or glass will be found of great use in darning stockings, as putting the hand inside the stocking or sock stretches it and spoils the shape.

For this reason, also, washerwomen should be told to avoid putting their hands into them, and ironing should never be allowed.

They should always be left what is called "rough dried," without stretching of any kind.

The wear of stockings treated in this way will soon show how valuable a hint it is.

The same may be said of woven underclothing of all kinds. When it becomes thin at the elbows and knees, a piece of an old woven garment should be neatly herring-boned on, on the wrong side, so as to protect and cover the place.

This will be an immense saving in appearance as well as in strength, and provides a foundation to darn upon.

If the needle gets sticky in your hand, use the emery cushion, or else lay it on the carpet and roll it under the sole of your shoe, which perhaps is a better plan.

If the hands perspire in working, powder them after washing with a little prepared chalk.

Gloves should always be mended on the wrong side, and if the hole is too big to be mended in any other way, put in a patch neatly from the remains of another glove of the same color.

Black gloves should be rubbed with oil or butter before wearing, and if they "rub" and show white, a little of the same "gloss" you use for your shoes and boots will cover up the place.

Slight breakages in kid gloves, too small for a patch, can be perfectly repaired by drawing them together with the fingers and applying a piece of court-plaster the same color as the glove to the under or inside of the glove.

This little plan must be carried out with great success with very light-colored gloves, and also with black *gants de Suede*; with the latter it completely hides the breakage, and the mend lasts as long as the glove itself.

Black kid gloves that have become rubbed may also be restored to their original color by a mixture of equal parts of black ink and sweet oil, and rubbing the whitish parts with a flannel dipped in the mixture; this preparation is also excellent for restoring the black to fine black kid shoes.

Silk and thread gloves should be put on the hands, and washed with white curd soap, just as if one were washing the hands, and while thus on the hands they must be thoroughly rinsed by being held under the cold water tap.

Wipe as dry as possible and hold the hands at the fire till the gloves are almost dry, when they may be removed, and, after carefully shaping them, in the same manner that new gloves are shaped, lay them in the folds of a towel and put them under a weight, when they will look like new.

For cleaning kid, doe, buckskin, washleather, chevrette, and *gant de Suede* gloves, the following is an excellent "dry wash" if it may be so termed:

The gloves to be operated on must be laid on a table or a smooth clean board, and the mixture applied with a stiff brush; this mixture consists of pulverised alum and fuller's-earth in equal quantities, and rubbed smooth. After rubbing, shake the gloves well to remove the dust, and then cover them with a mixture of Spanish white or whiting and well dried bran for some hours, and if not clean enough afterward, the alum and fuller's-earth must be applied again.

If gloves become greasy from contact with the hands, and those dreadful dark stains come through which quite prevent our use of them again, at all events as best, the stained places may be covered with ivory black, and it may remain for some hours. Then take some thin paper and place it over the spots covered with ivory black and press with a warm iron, then rub the gloves with a piece of flannel powdered over with alum.

In hot countries, and beside the "sad sea waves," we have all suffered from the spotting of our gloves, and the best way to prevent this is to keep your gloves, new and old, in a glass bottle with a glass cover, such as is used to preserve fruit.

A pair of glove stretchers are a mine of wealth in the way of economy to those who possess them, for on them all kinds of cleansing and dyeing operations can be carried out, which would be impossible without them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

SUFFERER.—Wear only thin and loose foot-coverings, and wash the feet night and morning in cold water with yellow soap. This will harden them more than anything else.

G. W. B.—The "English Pale" was the designation of the territory in Ireland, held by the English for four centuries after Strongbow's invasion in 1169. The expression has an interesting survival in such terms as beyond the "pale of civilization," and so forth.

READER.—Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" contains pictures of "fair renowned brides of ancient song," and was suggested, as the poet himself says, by Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women." The personages introduced into it are Helen, Iphigenia, Cleopatra, Jephtha's daughter, Rosamond, Eleanor, and Fulvia.

D. L. O.—We are glad that our advice has been so useful to you. You now see how sweetly forgiving a true-hearted girl can be, when her lover really confides in her so far as to make known some fault of his past life. She has not forgiven you—although you have given her a sore heart for a time—but she will become your bravest champion against the enemy you have so long dreaded.

C. J.—You seem to have lost your head. If you want to renew and extend your acquaintance with the young lady, there is no reason why you should not do so, either by letter or by an interview. But when you talk about going to the bad unless you are restrained by her influence, you are writing simple nonsense. Cultivate the lady's acquaintance, by all means, but cultivate common sense as well.

ANXIOUS.—To remove milk-stains from black silk velvet, sponge it with a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia mixed with two tablespoonfuls of boiling water; or use benzine, sold by all chemists. For colored velvet, benzine is the only safe remedy. To restore the pile, hold the velvet, pile downwards, over a basin of boiling water, while another person passes a hot iron over the wrong side of the velvet.

RIP VAN WINKLE.—We cannot recommend the maxim that "All is fair in love and war." If the young lady's father has forbidden her to see you, you ought not to call at her home in his absence. If he has for some unknown reason taken a dislike to you, why do you not go to him and ask for an explanation? If this fail, you must wait till the lady is of age, when she will be able to speak for herself.

AURORA.—You should wait for an explanation. If the gentleman offers none within a month, you had better divert your mind from him and accept other company. It is very imprudent for young ladies to place much reliance upon attentions unaccompanied by an offer of marriage. If a man is really in earnest, he manifests it by offering his hand and relieving the young lady of uncertainty as to his object as soon as possible.

T. N.—The cardinal virtues are those which are regarded as being the basis of, and involved in greater or less degree in, all right action; so named from cardo, a hinge, as denoting the fundamental point on which all things turn. Of these the ancients reckoned four, representing the four principal divisions of the circle which a hinge describes. These four were justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude. The Cardinal virtues of Christianity are, of course, Faith, Hope and Charity.

IGNORAMUS.—The right name of the bean is the Tonka, or Tonga Bean, the appellation of Tonquin being a popular error, for they are not brought from that country, but from Guiana. They are used for flavoring snuff, and for putting with clothes, to give an agreeable odor to them and keep away insects. The odor is due to a camphor-like substance they contain called coumarin, which may be prepared by digesting the beans in ether. This coumarin is used to flavor a drink known in Germany as "May-drink."

S. T. P.—Clytie is a beautiful relic of Greek sculpture, well known through frequent reproductions. It is one of the marbles in the British Museum. It exhibits the water-nymph, who, according to the Greek legend, fell in love with Apollo, but meeting with no reciprocation of her passion, became changed into a sunflower, and constantly keeps her face turned toward him. Hood refers to her in the following lines:—

"I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun."

A. G.—Lateral curvature of the spine, if not of too long standing, may be cured. In young girls it is usually caused by bad physical habits, in dieting where the bones are poorly nourished, in the habitual use of one arm to the exclusion of the other, or some similar misuse of the body. The first process in the cure is to ascertain the persistent cause and remove it. Then tonics, phosphates, out-of-door life, correction of all bad physical habits, and the use of appliances which remove weight from the spine, and apply lateral pressure needed—all may be necessary to effect a cure.

THIRTY.—It is said that the art of waxing meerschaums was discovered through one being smoked in its unwaxed state by a cobbler, whose waxy finger-marks were found to color while the rest of the pipe remained white. If this is true, mere rubbing with wax should answer. However that may be, you can proceed as follows. Get some virgin wax and melt it in a small pot; strain through a piece of very fine muslin into a gallipot, and, if requisite, re-warm until just too hot for the finger (140 degs. Fahr.). Plunge the pipe in and keep it warm for half an hour; then remove the pipe, place it, mouth down, on a very thick pad of blotting-paper, and let it remain thus for two or three hours in a cool oven. Allow to cool, and polish.

A. B.—It is only nervousness. It is very likely that may be true, but nervousness is quite enough of itself. It does not need any very great trouble superadded to make it terrible. There is something altogether wrong with the brain when there is so much worry. The fact that you worry about religious subjects is simply an accident. If the mind—or brain—did not busy itself mischievously with these subjects, it would do so with others. The fault is in the organ of thought, which is the highest and most central point or centre of the nervous system. Go to that, and at once. Go to some physician who has bestowed special attention on these matters, and tell him frankly and fully all you feel. Of course the soul-worry makes you feel ill. It cannot be otherwise. In the meantime we think you had better leave the subject of religion alone. We quite agree with you about the class of religious tracts and pamphlets to which you refer. They do infinitely more harm than good. They make people crazy rather than good.